THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IX | New York, Wednesday, March 6, 1929 | Number 18

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

DR. JONES PRESCRIBES

WHEN the Senate listened recently to a Reed-Borah debate on "the noble moral experiment," thousands realized that the issue involved would necessarily mean a great deal to the incoming President. And beyond him to the people. For ourselves we think that the meaning of the situation is phrased neatly in the following remark by the Senator from Idaho: "Prohibition may be a mistake, the people of the United States may have erred in their judgment." We have come to the place where it is essential to know whether there has been a blunder or not. And the point is: has Mr. Hoover, whose campaign speeches implies that he would seek an answer to this question, been maneuvered into a position where it will prove impossible for him to look?

For years the nation has been in the throes of a virtual Whisky Rebellion. The end of law is obedience. The nature of law is such that a habit of disobeying any part of it leads almost automatically to disrespect for the whole. But day in and day out, the federal government has been waging a rum war, a beer war, a wine-and-liqueur war, against millions of its subjects. A cordon of speakeasies and bootleggers' emporiums has been flung round the land, comparable to nothing except the ring which old Von Moltke tightened round the French at Sedan. The dogged forces of the enemy—a myriad thirsty throats—march on with utter contempt for the dingy federal forces, themselves riddled with secret lawlessness.

There are only two ways in which the government can react. The first is through recruiting an enforcement army commensurate in size with the problem. The second is through empowering the courts to stage a reign of terror. What has Congress done about the first possibility? Incorporating the suggestion of the chief Prohibition Commissioner, Senator Bruce's $270,000,000 bill was actually debated. Such a sum was, however, manifestly an insult to administrative economy. The Jones suggestion appeared therefore, scaling the gigantic figures to less than one-tenth their original size. Was Congress prepared to give Dr. Doran a tithe of the possessions he needed? The House arose and answered, "No." Two dozen assorted millions seemed too big for a legislative body looking forward to the interesting intricacies of farm relief. The upshot of the matter, then, is simply a refusal by the government to increase or equip its forces in the field.

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The Jones bill was thereupon speedily transformed into a plea for the mobilization of the judiciary battalions. As passed by the Senate, this plea incorporates a number of stiff penalties which, it is felt, will sober the disobedient if administered firmly. Michigan has furnished the precedent; and one admits cheerfully that the prospect of spending five years in jail for juggling a pint of bad spirits on one's hip is fairly ominous. But the Senate, fortified by its understanding of human nature, could not go through with the matter. As amended, the bill imposes "discrimination" between "casual or slight violations" and "habitual sales." In other words, the government has gone on record as believing that a violation of the constitution is unimportant. It would be impossible to say more clearly that prohibition does not belong in the fundamental law of the land—if, indeed, it belongs anywhere.

Thus the only two ways of remedying the existing situation (from the dry point of view) have been frankly repudiated. And it begins to seem that, if Mr. Hoover concerns himself with the matter at all, he must either advocate and assume personal responsibility for methods of reaction which Congress has sponsored, or order an investigation. The last-named step would, however, imply a criticism of the Volsteadian idea. Since everybody knows what will enforce prohibition, there is no need for information on that score. But what if the government set about actually learning what drought is worth under existing circumstances? That would mean doubt as to whether it is worth anything at all. Will the new President be courageous enough to express so sceptical a position? We wonder.

WEEK BY WEEK

CONGRATULATIONS to the government on the sale of the United States Lines and the American Merchant Lines has been the general order of the day. Even the senatorial flare-up, which was dictated by that body's jealousy of any governmental act without its consideration and sanction, resulted in a nihil obstat being placed on the Shipping Board's step. Of course it was the dreaded word "subsidy" that frightened the gentlemen who have been so dilatory in disposing of Muscle Shoals, another war inheritance. There is certainly an element of subsidization under the terms by which the bid of P. W. Chapman and Company, Incorporated, was accepted. But the government stands to lose nothing in advancing the firm upward of $40,000,000 when its securities are so sound; it has much to gain in ridding itself of a passenger tonnage which was operated at an annual loss. President Coolidge, who rightly considered the bid the best possible under the circumstances, has approved especially those features of the sale which specify the construction of two giant liners and the establishment of an air service in conjunction with steamer routes. While it may be too optimistic to regard the substitution of private for government operation as a sure step to American ascendency in the maritime world, it is certain that this country as an operative would never have been a worthy competitor to other nations. Certainly competition has never been keener, and genuine enterprise will be necessary to place the United States in the marine shipping position which she should occupy.

Ships to the Highest Bidder

THE administration lost no time in overpowering the sudden Nicaraguan rebellion in the Senate. Whether the Coolidge-Kellogg policy in Central America is right or wrong, none will disapprove the executive action that turned the added provision to the naval appropriations bill into a fiasco. For such action was a prize bit of circumlocutory legislation. To refuse money for the maintenance of the marines in Nicaragua, or for their transportation back and forth, except in emergencies endangering American life and property, is as logical as taking a man's clothes away from him to prevent his playing golf. If he wants to play golf and it is thought that he should not, the issue ought to be met and decided on its merits. The Senate has frequently fulminated against the presence of marines in Nicaragua, but what has it done further? The policy was a debatable one, and still is, but if there was to be legislative action designed to change executive policy it should have been taken many months ago. To a certain extent the State Department gambled in the matter, for had the marines suffered extreme reverses or the elections resulted in new dissatisfactions and riotings, their dispatching would have had dire results. Luckily Mr. Kellogg accomplished what he sought to accomplish, and since he was not interfered with before he should not be interfered with now.

The Senate Reverses Itself

EVEN those but slightly conversant with the true state of affairs in Mexico were hardly surprised at the ultimatum of Portes Gil to the Mexican press. The capital city newspapers, Excelsior, El Universal and La Prensa published a statement of Bishop Miguel de la Mora of San Luis Potosi, and consequently brought down upon themselves the interdict of the President. "This time, for once and for all," the statement reads, "the government declares that either the directors or those responsible for any publication which excites or tends to excite an alteration of the public order, or foment rebellion, will be energetically punished, because they have deliberately violated the law and are not properly using the liberty which the government offers them, but are guilty of the most unpatriotic abuse of freedom." What liberty? There is no liberty left to the Mexican press today; indeed, the accounts of practically all foreign

Portes Gil's Denial of Denials

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correspondents are subjected to the most rigid censorship. Must the world then believe that the Catholic Church, through its accredited head in Mexico, is not permitted even to deny the vicious accusations made against it? It is, of course, the favored policy of the present government to impute every act of violence perpetrated in a state always known for its internal disorders, to the Catholic clergy. For a prelate to resent the slander is, to the Calles-Portes Gil régime, an insurrectionary move which merits to be dealt with so drastically that even those who give it publicity must be prosecuted.

EDWARD ALBERT, Prince of Wales, startled England and the empire when he delivered his forthright speech to the participants in the British Industries Fair banquet at the London Mansion House. It is well known that the Prince, who has assumed many responsibilities since the severe illness of his father, the king, has been tremendously impressed and oppressed by the plight of workers in the coal fields. His pleas for charity have met with satisfactory response, but in his talk he bluntly told the diners that charity does not begin to cover the sins of the industrialists and of the government. Journalists, notably Warre B. Wells, correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, had predicted that he was determined to express his opinions on national policies, despite the tradition that the reigning house and its members should not be involved in party politics. For the Prince is extremely dissatisfied with the Baldwin government's apathetic attitude toward the miners, and in addition he feels strongly that England's industrialists and the dominion governments have been equally lax in their endeavors to meet the unemployment situation. Nor did he mince words. "There must be something utterly wrong," he said, "with a system of salesmanship which leaves British communities at the furthermost ends of the earth asking for British goods which they cannot get, because those available are not suited to local requirements." And "overseas settlement is one of the remedies. . . . and if properly handled, with the entire coöperation of our kinsmen overseas, I can see no limit to what it can do."

The Prince of Wales Is Frank

DR. HANS ZINSSER, professor of bacteriology at Harvard, has pondered the fact that a medical graduate who enters a laboratory instead of going into practice commands a smaller salary than a chauffeur; in view of which it seems to him only right and sensible that the research worker should marry an heiress. It is sound scientific advice, but there is a difficulty in the shortage of heiresses, and in the competition offered the lab men by preachers, professors, the foreign nobility and retired sea captains. But if, for these reasons, the microbe hunters who set out gaily to follow Dr. Zinsser's advice find the going rather tougher than they had anticipated, they may find consolation in realizing that they are not the only ones being mistreated by the humanity which they serve. At present all of the professions fostered by our universities are wofully underpaid (or so their practitioners insist.) Nothing can be done about it—unless we call in the assistance of Congress, and that would be giving the government a foothold in the administration of personal affairs from which, perhaps, it could not be dislodged. Americans have a hearty dislike of paternalism.

Where Are the Heiresses?

UNDER the circumstances, bacteriologists and others must look back upon their own careers, and so get a perspective on their meaning to society—a perspective which may help them to be content. They must begin with the day of matriculation at some university. Properly, no one decides to attend college in order to become wealthy. All the college professions, let us repeat, are underpaid. In all the world, only those men who are alumni of no more than grammar schools, high schools or vocational schools do not complain of their salaries. From this we must argue that a youth should not extend his education beyond his seventeenth or eighteenth year, if it is his ambition to have an income which will make all his old boyhood friends green with envy. But the ambition to serve humanity (which foresees a healthier complexion) is one which the colleges are well equipped to further. The dons are all unanimous on this point, while only a few of them still list financial improvement as one of the reasons for winning a degree. As President Hopkins of Dartmouth puts it, the purpose of higher education is "aroused thoughtfulness—that is, the cultivation and expansion of the minds of its students to the limits of their possibilities in the realms of abstract thinking." Aroused thoughtfulness is useful in the pursuit of truth. And truth is an end in itself. It is not bound up in a package with wealthy heiresses.

COMMENT upon the "Negro problem," as outlined in recent issues of The Commonweal, continues to reach us. Some of it is in the form of questions which, we are obliged to confess, have stumped us badly. Being mere editors we have no right to pose as anthropologists, prophets or readers of the crystal ball. But we are happily in a position to declare that one very good study of the question from the Catholic point of view is available to all who care to read scholarly books. The Morality of the Color Line, by the Reverend Francis Gilligan, is a dissertation written for and published by the Catholic University of America. It discusses the historical and sociological aspects of the Negro situation lucidly and wisely, incorporating both personal investigation and the fruits of wide reading. What the author says about the Church and the colored faithful seems to us

Investigating the Negro

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right and good; but we do not doubt that, in practice, some concessions will have to be made to the racially prejudiced among whites. Anyhow, there the book is —220 solid pages of information and reflection which we are happy to recommend to all who concern themselves with a major American difficulty.

The Unread Congressional Record

SERIOUS or jocose, Representative Boylan's proposal that the Congressional Record, "a great diary of the American people's representatives" which "should not be a mere museum of oratorical achievements" be enlivened with cartoons, comic strips, rotogravures, headlines, editorials and even a sporting page, opens an interesting question. Is the record worth the expense it entails? The answer from the congressman's point of view is an unqualified affirmative. But from that of the taxpayer and the government it is open to serious debate. Mr. Boylan's idea is merely funny. If legislators must be amused and entertained they need not maintain an expensive printing establishment for that purpose, since many of their own numbers are all too ready to put on their own buffoonery in the Senate and House. Nor will the citizen be tempted to read more deeply into the diary. Irrelevant matters discussed at the sacrifice of much-needed legislative consideration in both chambers are more often than not predicated on who will read rather than who will hear. And "the man back home," whose opinion is always so weighty to those with political ambitions, is misguidedly believed to be a close and voracious reader of congressional doings. If there are any consistent readers of the Congressional Record, it is certain they would favor a ruthless editing. We are not so sure that even they would vote for its abolition.

Very Doubtful Conclusions

EVENTS at Albany during the past week have testified to the persistent energy of those who wish to legalize birth control propaganda and clinics. If one looks at this effort purely as a citizen, quite independently of spiritual considerations, it becomes apparent that something very serious indeed is being log-rolled in a mood which is far from being commensurately serious. The proponents of contraception are almost all sociologists—amateur or professional. And since sociology is as yet far from being a science, remaining without even adequate statistical data, any practical measure it seems to recommend needs careful examination and discussion. Does any real danger of over-population exist? Is there any large number of mothers unfitted for life by motherhood itself? Neither question has been or can be answered today. Meanwhile the age-old opposition to contraception as a thing intrinsically wrong, or at least perilous, abides. Few members of the medical profession have been willing to admit that it does not involve a serious menace to health; and the statistics of peoples among whom it has been practised for some generations reveal national weakness deplored by practical statesmen. Sociology cannot be entitled to believe its case established until it has proved its own contentions and refuted the opposition. The current support of contraception is, however, so like what one can only term fanatical hysteria that there is little doubt of its being headed for growing popular favor. Successful reaction against it can come only by union of religious insight and true science.

Systematic Discussion of Faith

DIFFICULTIES of every sort confront those who wish to allay strife and misunderstanding in the domain of American religion. One of the most important, from the Catholic point of view, is the creation of an adequate method and personnel. Volunteers get into one another's way and suffer from the general lack of coördination; literature —bad and good—fails to make an impression because nothing is done to follow up a good initial impression; and money has been lacking to pay the trained worker the hire which he is worthy of. Recently the National Catholic Council of Men drew up a plan which, at least in so far as its own subsidiary groups are concerned, seems a commendable step toward system. A bureau has been established in Washington (and will be maintained if an effort to secure $10,000 proves successful) to make possible widespread coöperation in giving "systematic, intelligent and clear expositions of the character, history and teachings of the Church and the civil allegiance of Catholics." All the means of appeal, from the lecture platform with its perennial glass of water to the microphone embedded in silence, are to be used. The bureau is to distribute rather than to produce, and so plans to utilize whatever is worthy of the cause.

Joan of Arc's Quinticentennial

THE hundreds of thousands who, irrespective of nationality, hold dear the memory of and the devotion to Saint Joan of Arc, will rejoice at the elaborate plans for the celebration of a series of quinticentennials marking her career from Vaucouleurs to the market place of Rouen. Twenty-eight distinct ceremonies will be conducted during the next two years, each ceremony designed to commemorate an important milestone in the rise and fall of the Maid of Orléans. Vaucouleurs, Chinon, Orléans, Passy, Rheims, St. Denis, Compiègne, Rouen—what power these names have to evoke the brief, poignant life of France's greatest heroine! Each presents its peculiar picture, each its individual aspect of Joan. By pageantry and pomp France will be reminded—not that she needs reminding—of the Maid's arduous trip by night rides to Sainte Catherine de Fierbois; of the gleaming figure in silver that blasted the hopes of the besieging English; of the escort of a crafty and reluctant monarch to his coronation; of a discouraged

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girl dejectedly hanging up her armor in the church at the gates of Paris; of her betrayal and death. There is genius in the plan.

The Boy's Own Brigade

WE ARE sometimes more conscious of the boy problem than of what has been done to solve it. Accordingly, the news that the Catholic Boys' Brigade has been incorporated under the laws of the state of New York is both a welcome announcement and a reminder that agencies now in the field are prepared to assume the responsibilities of a great task, provided that the help given be adequate. The organization was founded by the Reverend Thomas Lynch, who is remembered with affection by so many of Gotham's poor, and at first it struggled on valiantly against scores of difficulties. Later on several benefactions and efforts of trained leaders gave the Brigade a steadily increasing prominence. The present director, the Reverend Kilian J. Hennrich—a Capuchin Father—informs us that during the past five years charters were granted to the Brigade in twenty-eight dioceses, and that it is taking root in Canada. Pope Benedict XV approved and blessed the organization, and the reigning Holy Father has publicly endorsed its work. The energy with which its program is being pushed through and the deep spirituality which characterizes the performance of every task guarantees, we believe, the steady growth of the Brigade. Now that the act of incorporation has been completed, the directors are empowered to receive bequests and create endowments—which, in this workaday world, are very desirable things.

Painters Unaware

PAINTERS have not forgotten the compliment paid to them by Oscar Wilde's famous remark that the kine have conformed to the requirements of art. They might, we think, discover something even more pleasing in Hollanda's Four Dialogues on Painting, which Mr. Aubrey Bell has now translated into good English. The author records the following remarks by Michelangelo—certainly an authority in his own way: "I sometimes think and imagine that I can find among men but one art or science, that of drawing or painting, from which all the rest branch out. For if one considers well all that is done in this life, one will find that every man unconsciously is engaged in painting this world, both in creating new forms and figures, in dressing variously, in building and filling in spaces with structures and houses, in cultivating fields and plowing the land into sketches and pictures, in sailing over the sea, in fighting and ordering an armed host, and finally in deaths and funerals and all other movements and occasions. So that all human actions, if they be considered with understanding, will without doubt be found to be either painting or some part of painting." If one weighs those old words a little, it will prove difficult to refute them. Philosophers, for instance, now speak constantly of "intuitions" or "mother ideas"—which, in the final analysis, are nothing more than intimate spiritual snapshots of the universe as a whole. And who does not realize that our feeble concepts of Christian life are, after all, reducible to an image of the Saviour, doing good, walking across the fields of Judea toward His redeeming doom?

A Great Scholar Passes

WE SHOULD be very careless indeed if we failed to note, with sincere regret, the passing of Monsignor Pierre Batiffol, one of the most significant and representative of modern French Catholic scholars. His studies in Church history and literature are unforgettably valuable contributions to these realms of knowledge; and what he wrote about early Christianity is almost certain to enter into the formation of priests and lay students everywhere. But the major reason why Monsignor Batiffol was held in such affectionate esteem must be sought in the spiritual outlook he exemplified. During the feverish years of controversy through which the great encyclical of Pius X flashed like a bolt of lightning, the priest now dead knew how to remain on precisely that ground which the Church wished its members to occupy. He did not sink back into the extravagantly reactionary nor slouch forward into some variety of sceptical compromise. With remarkable clarity and elasticity of mind, he associated faith and scrupulous scientific method in much the same manner as did the illustrious Cardinal of Malines, his close friend. Though Monsignor Batiffol's work is over, his example will continue to remain fruitful and inspiring.

EXHIBIT A

THE following comment by a leading professor of the "Roman menace" upon the recent settlement of papal claims to territorial sovereignty is offered here as Exhibit A. We may have to stage something like a county fair as the months move on, but promise not to do so if abstinence is at all possible. There are dozens of more entertaining subjects to write about; and the business of Catholic-baiting is now so prosperous that the task of inspecting the whole store has grown too large to permit lingering over any one item. Anyhow, here is the comment: "In exchange for the lost papal states, the Roman Church has now annexed Italy; in exchange for the old idea of union of Church and state, we are now asked to accept the notion of ecclesiastical supremacy over all states, achieved by the use of diplomatic agents and through elimination of the danger of a dissenting public opinion." In substance, we believe, these remarks are representatively unimportant. Their author is obsessed by an inborn fear of spooks and of goblins having no existence. And yet the import of what he says needs—as several observers, notably the editor

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of the Columbus Enquirer-Sun, have pointed out—to be spotted and if possible nailed.

First of all, let us see what has actually happened in Italy. Has the Church in any way made sins against its laws criminal offenses punishable by the state? Is there a complot between the Vatican and Mussolini to exile all offenders and enforce the faith upon unbelievers? Both questions are ridiculous. In the first place, canon law explicitly states that nobody "can be constrained against his will to accept the Catholic faith." Secondly, persons astute enough to settle one of the thorniest of modern political problems are entitled to escape the absurd charge that they have altogether lost their heads. Even if Rome wished to do the things which these queries imply (and it never has wished to do them) it would perforce have to admit that actually doing them would be an apologetic error sure to breed disastrous consequences.

Secondly, what is the meaning of the dictum about "ecclesiastical supremacy" quoted above? The unwillingness of the Holy Father to become the civil ruler of people dwelling in territory ceded to him is construed as "fear of a dissenting public opinion." But what would the writer say if the old papal states had been restored in their entirety? He is simply the victim of his hallucination, the chief characteristic of which is absolutely unlimited suspicion of Catholic motives. He is likewise unable to fathom the Catholic idea of spiritual sovereignty. This reposes upon the truth, demonstrated by all kinds of experience, that authority is not compatible with dependence. What university is free if it must cater to the wishes of conservative trustees? What philosophy is free if its books are burned by the public hangman? And, above all, how can a Church, the existence of which reposes upon the conviction that it has been empowered by the Saviour Himself to teach all things, be content with restrictions which impede its teaching and guidance in the name of temporal power? The Church has waited seventy years to get out of jail; and it is a puzzle to us that anybody who respects unshackled spiritual energy—the soul unsubservient—should now regard the settlement of the Roman question as a calamity.

But we have got down to the mainspring of all sincere attacks upon the Catholic position. The work of the Church is mistrusted because it is believed to spring from sinister and veiled motives. A priest is the one who "can smile and smile and be a villain"—even as in Newman's time. The papal diplomat is simply an astute politician, out to smuggle in what he can. We ourselves have been accused recently of possessing "a fine Italian hand." Our fellows of the Faith, who not infrequently say a prayer for their enemies, are less generally suspected of military drill than formerly (perhaps) but remain "unconscious tools" in the hands of a master designer. It is all very funny and also very sad. If, from the Catholic point of view, reaction against such prejudices is desirable, and also difficult, we may be pardoned meanwhile for entertaining a fancy that the surrounding world is more or less mildly mad.

It may be something of a specific for this ailment to reflect momentarily upon the very real advantages which Signor Mussolini has undoubtedly derived from the Roman settlement. He has, to begin with, removed several causes of dissension and so paved the way for a more ardent participation by Catholics in civic affairs. More important, however, is the way in which the settlement may affect the major Italian problem—over-population at home, lack of opportunity abroad. By permitting the full and free development of religious orders, Mussolini has at least taken a step toward the development of Italian missionary influence. If France holds back and refuses to rescind its prohibition of religious teaching, it will in the long run inevitably sacrifice its missionary prestige. This seems to us the major political effect of the Roman settlement. On the one hand it aids Catholic apostolic effort; on the other hand it is an effective reminder of what, in the sphere of social life, the price of intolerance can be. We believe there is a lesson in all this for Americans. How much we are losing, culturally and civically, by the bickerings which isolate one group from another is profoundly evident in our country itself. But what must be the effect produced upon others who observe us from afar and discern the clouds that veil a "land of liberty"?

WINGS ON DISPLAY

EVEN the optimistic projectors of the recent Aviation Show, the first seen in New York City for seven years, were surprised at the tremendous interest shown by the visiting throngs. Nor was the imagination of the public captivated exclusively by the sight of those planes which, by establishing records, have gained a fame for themselves and their pilots. The spectators were equally concerned with the exhibits of airplane motors and of the hundreds of accessories which go far toward increasing the comfort and safety of aviators and passengers. By such indications is the air-mindedness of the man in the street made evident. That the manufacturers of airplanes now recognize that the time has arrived when aviation is to be made the ordinary, rather than the spectacular, thing, is also demonstrated by the formation of credit corporations by which planes may be bought on the instalment plan. The Department of Commerce has aided in this move by its provision, under a new licensing system, for the certification of planes which are thus purchased. After two decades it has finally come about that the building of planes has taken on a wholesale aspect.

Perhaps no newly created industry has received the universal encouragement which has been accorded aviation. The press has been generous and voluminous in its efforts to further aeronautics, in a manner which it did not begin to adopt in the early days of the automobile. The aeronautical companies, few in

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proportion to the huge expanse of the country, have met with sympathy and coöperation from municipalities and state and federal government departments. Since Lindbergh's flight to Paris, a hundred self-constituted agents of publicity for aviation have sprung up in every sizable town.

It remained for C. M. Keyes, president of Transcontinental Air Transport, however, to remind the public that its enthusiasm was blinding it to the true state of affairs in this country. Aviation is flourishing, unquestionably. But it has many obstacles to overcome before it will begin to attain full growth. Although there are 178 so-called aircraft manufacturers in the country today, only thirty-nine of these have won type certificates from the Department of Commerce. These government-approved firms are contributing to the estimated total of 10,000 planes for 1929 by doing their building in imposing factories, work and machine shops, barns and ramshackle hangars all over the country. Just how experimental the entire field of airplane manufacture continues to be is clearly evident in the fact that many finished products displayed at the last international aircraft show in Chicago have absolutely no market today. A plane designed for a transatlantic flight, although it may present a valuable object-lesson, is not necessarily the one desired for extensive manufacture. Nor will mechanics always find it easy to translate into terms of multiple production the ideas of such men as Fokker, Bellanca and Sikorsky.

Difficult as these problems may be, they are mechanical and commercial, and the genius of the American people has always proved happy in overriding such. There is another difficulty which has received scant attention. It has to do with men and women who, fed on the stories of heroism and high emprise that have made the names of Lindbergh, Byrd, Bennett, Amundsen, Wilkins and their brothers the epitome of courage and the pioneering spirit, wish to become heroes themselves. Actually, in so far as aviation has to do with pilots, it will be less and less a quick path to fame and fortune. The young man of today should not be tempted to seek his wings on the basis of any such high hopes. Instead he should look further into the future and come to the realization that the aviator will eventually be but an air chauffeur. There is a saddening effect in this consideration, for by nature the human race, which has so often replaced the picturesque with the mechanically useful and effective, clings nevertheless to the thought of, the wish for, romantic endeavor. Yet the truth is inescapable. Today there are sixty-six nationally known business organizations to which one or more airplanes are as necessary a part of their equipment as automobiles, trucks and typewriters. Tomorrow the Smiths and the Joneses will be flying their own family air coupé, and the pilots of today will be relegated to the positions of captains of air-going liners, or of drivers of the planes of the wealthy and of air taxicabs.

THE NEW UNEMPLOYMENT

INSPIRED by reports that Mr. Hoover is already at work on a solution of the unemployment problem, various seminars of economists and of business men have been arranged to clarify current opinion on the subject. Such was the purpose of a recent Boston conference, at which it was suggested that a national bureau be established to provide a weekly or monthly index to unemployment, so that state and municipal governments might undertake construction at a time of depression, and not during periods of activity.

This is a sound suggestion, and will almost certainly be embodied in Mr. Hoover's plan. It was one of the ten methods recommended by the President's Committee on Business Cycles and Unemployment which Mr. Hoover headed in 1923. Other proposals which came out of that conference were the maintenance of a nation-wide system of employment bureaus, and the building up of insurance against unemployment. All these ideas, one may be sure from recent utterances, are still close to the purpose of the President-elect. Relief for the unemployed, for instance, being an insurance problem, can only be solved by insurance methods, while the statistical bureau could accomplish much toward moderating extremes of peak and depression, and providing a more or less uniform activity.

But let it be noted that these suggestions are concerned with the lesser of two factors contributing to unemployment; lesser because attention has already been given, with considerable success, to eliminating seasonal unemployment. Inventions, discoveries and the assault on the tradition that certain work is done only at certain times, have all helped. The major source of the present unemployment in the United States is a comparatively new one. It has existed, roughly speaking, only since the war, and its recognition came much more recently than that. It is the increase of productivity over production. The fact that the latter has been steadily increasing means nothing to labor, because the former has been increasing so much more rapidly. On this point figures are clear enough: between 1919 and 1925, the number of men employed was being decreased by 5 percent, while production was increasing 29 percent.

The answer to this, as Mr. Ford has seen, is a shorter week for labor without dimunition of the total week's wage, and a longer week for machines. It is a viewpoint which the average employer will hesitate to adopt, because the average employer does not yet think of industry in terms of the whole. He still conceives of his own prosperity as reflected in immediate day-to-day profits, rather than as dependent upon the prolonged health of the entire industrial market. That health, in turn, depends upon good wages for labor and a minimum of unemployment. It is a long view, but it is the only one which takes into account the fact that the maladjustments at the bottom of our economic problems today are not those of fifteen years ago.

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HOW SHALL GERMANY PAY?

By JOHN CARTER

Experts have gathered to discuss the status of German reparations. What is involved and why are the present meetings important? How the Reich meets its obligations is not entirely a matter of cash or bonds. It has a bearing upon the whole present and future structure of European economics, and so also upon American finance and industry. In the following article Mr. Carter stresses basic facts and inferences from them. It will hardly be necessary to add that the opinions advanced in this paper are, of course, entirely the author's own views of the subject under discussion.—The Editors.

THE sanguine statesmen who framed the reparation clauses of the treaty of Versailles in 1919, and the cool-headed financiers who drew up the schedules of the Dawes plan five years later, have, after another lustrum, been succeeded by another group which will again examine Germany's liability for the damage it caused in the world war. At the treaty of Versailles, political motives overrode the dictates of financial common sense; at the London agreement of August, 1924, financial possibilities took precedence of politics. Today it is apparent that economic considerations are striving to rewrite the reparation settlement.

Hitherto, no nation has clearly envisaged the economic consequences of the Dawes plan any more than any government has fully considered the economic consequences which would follow the abolition of the Dawes plan. Even so, economic factors are beginning to displace the political and financial motives of the earlier "settlements." The trouble has been that public opinion was educated to think in terms of "annuities"—so-and-so many billions of gold marks, such-and-such "priorities" for army costs and the like, "Spa percentages" to determine the ratio in which the tribute is to be divided among the victors—while to add to the confusion there are the long arguments as to whether or not the subject bears any relation to the war debts of the Allies to the United States and to each other.

When, however, one looks at the subject from the economic angle, one discovers that German reparation payments consist, for the most part, of goods—of sugar, coal, chemicals, fertilizers, machinery and so forth—and that, whatever system of accounting be adopted, it represents, fundamentally, an economic process, with a few simple characteristics and a few simple consequences.

The greatest economic beneficiary of the Dawes plan is Germany. Not only is her industry put under a forced draft, but her currency is protected by elaborate transfer safeguards. She has a guaranteed market and a guaranteed financial system. All that she needs to do is to keep on working, and the Allies will see that she is taken care of. This means that Germany industry is in a fair way, with the present system, to accomplish the Germanification of European industry. Her products, her engines, her technical processes, are spread through every country which accepts "deliveries in kind." Machines wear out and break down—the new parts must come from Germany. Industries become habituated to German products until their future market is assured.

The full impact of this process falls upon France. The French national economy can absorb only about half of the German deliveries. The balance has to be received or forfeited by the French government. In consequence, France is farming out the reparation deliveries to public utilities, big industries and public works upon the easiest terms of payment conceivable. Moratoriums for five years, low interest rates, instalments spread over twenty—thirty—forty years. French colonies and possessions, French ports and canals, French factories and railways, all benefit by tangible improvement of plant and equipment, through an elaborate system of "prestations d'outillage" (equipment deliveries) from Germany. A great present strain is being put upon the French finances by the difficulty of finding consignees for the multitudinous German deliveries, but France will face the economic struggles of the twentieth century with a brand new plant. In consequence, reparation payments are insensibly tending to weld a joint Franco-German economy which may, in another decade, threaten British industrial hegemony over the European continent.

For Great Britain, reparation deliveries represent a major economic catastrophe. German coal deliveries have struck at the heart of the former British coal export trade. German goods, delivered as reparation, come in competition with British goods, which do not enjoy the benefits of a market guaranteed by international sanction. British coal miners remain without sufficient work; British employment continues slack; British trade continues far from satisfactory; British taxes continue high. In the original experts' plan, the British secured the proviso that German deliveries should not be reëxported from the countries to which they were shipped. Nevertheless, their receipt tends to displace other goods, similar or dissimilar, which are thus thrust upon the world market to compete with British goods.

Even a country so remote from European economics as the United States, and with so small a share in the Dawes plan payments (and that share in cash) is affected by similar misgivings when it contemplates a guaranteed German excess of exports over imports of $625,000,000 a year. It means that it will be so much the more difficult for us to compete for the markets of

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Europe, Latin America, Africa and Asia. Only the fact that several European nations possess important investments and large short-term credits in this country, which enable them to take up the slack of commercial fluctuations, combined with our generous tourist expenditures abroad, has prevented the actual transfers under the debt-funding agreements from carrying the economic struggle inside our borders and inside our insular consciousness.

The net result of the present situation is that Europe is approaching economic coalescence, under the impetus of a German industrial activity which is "coked up" by the Dawes plan. The chief loser hitherto has been Great Britain, with the United States not yet seriously engaged in the problem. Germany has received a long head start in Europe's industrial economy, with France as her potential adjutant. If the process continues, it stands to convert Europe into an economic unit of which the Franco-German industrial system will be the centre.

On the other hand, should the present system be abolished—no matter what means are employed to conceal the fact—the results would be of primary economic importance. Deprived of a guaranteed outlet for her goods and of a stable currency for effecting their transfer, Germany would be left with the choice of economic chaos and unemployment and of a determined drive for the markets of eastern Europe, chiefly Russia. Latin America and the markets of eastern Asia would also receive a fresh stimulus from German trade, once the Dawes annuities were discontinued. Whatever the ultimate effects, the primary trend would be to substitute a German-Russian grouping of economic interests for the present Franco-German arrangement. In this process the United States would stand to share, at any rate at the start, because of the large private American investments in the field of German industry.

The effect on France would be slow and fairly sure. Deprived of the forced flow of German goods, French private industry would revert to a national basis, the French treasury would kiss goodbye to the sums expended for restoration of the devastated regions, and France would be left economically isolated in an era of big business combinations and internationally organized industries. She would have her ports, her factories, railroads, canals and mines fully equipped, but her rôle in European economy would be increasingly subordinate.

Great Britain, on the other hand, would heave a sigh of relief. Because of her financial organization and her control, in conjunction with the United States, of essential raw materials, she would be able to meet the keenest German competition on equal terms, and no longer would she be in the position of urging her government to support a reparation policy which was to the disadvantage of her trade. Employment would increase and British commerce would escape from the economic doldrums of the past ten years. Through the characteristic blend of maritime power, financial skill, political resourcefulness and determined trading which has always distinguished British peace-time policy, the British Isles and their manifold economic activities would proceed along an even and unterrified course.

The attitude of the United States toward the resulting situation would be difficult to determine, as we would hold the balance of economic power. On the one side, we might be drawn by our present and future investments into a support of the German drive for the markets of eastern Europe and, in particular, for a politically disinfected entry into Russia. This would probably involve keen competition with the British and Japanese traders, and might in time result in the Germans making use of our resources to reestablish themselves as a prelude to thrusting us out of the picture.

On the other side our long commercial relations with Great Britain, and our joint interest with the British in preserving control of industrial raw materials, might bring us into a tacit economic coöperation with the British empire. Or, better still, we might go it alone, playing both ends against the middle and reinsuring ourselves against our trade rivals by judicious investments, which is more in line with our national temper and economic traditions.

What is evident, however, is that the scrapping of the Dawes plan or of its essential feature, the "deliveries in kind," will be the prelude for a thorough reorientation of world economics. The present system operates to the unification of Europe's economic system, for the benefit of France and Germany; its abandonment would tend to restore the general "everyone for himself and the devil catch the hindmost" régime, in which the nations which combine sea power with raw materials would have the advantage over those which simply possess good industrial equipment and a well-trained working population.

When the new Experts' Committee comes down to cases, it will find that the problem of German reparation will respond most hopefully to economic treatment. Politics and finance no longer have the primacy they enjoyed in 1919 and 1924. If the solution of 1929 is to contain elements of finality, it will be because the world has discovered what economists have known for generations, that money is not wealth, and that goods themselves are not wealth, but that goods in use and in exchange are the only measure of national and international prosperity. From this point of view, the "deliveries in kind" made by the Germans to the Allies under the Dawes plan will constitute the crucial test of the new dispensation. If deliveries in kind are retained, the German economy is vindicated and European industry will be dominated by Germany. If they are abandoned, world economy will be restored and the Germans will be forced to take their chances with the rest of the world in the endless struggle for international trade.

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WHAT WERE THE MIDDLE-AGES?—II

By GEORGE LACOMBE

ANOTHER man who performed well in the field of mediaeval studies is Hauréau, whose innate honesty triumphed over his prejudices, for he approached the middle-ages with the views of 1848. He is never tired of showing his distaste for the ideas he is treating. His Notices et Extraits de Quelques Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale did pioneer work in this task of literary bookkeeping in crediting the various authors with their rightful property. His most precious contribution, however, a work which puts him in a class with Du Cange, is a series of Incipits—that is, a collection in alphabetical order of the initial words with which the literary productions of the middle-ages begin, and the manuscripts in which they are found. As these treatises are frequently anonymous or falsely attributed, we are able to ascertain by a glance at Hauréau's collection to whom the work which happens to interest us is ascribed by the manuscripts. The original collection is kept at the library of the Institut de France; copies have been made for the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and for the Vatican. It is unfortunate that the compilers of some of the modern catalogues did not come to Paris to consult this incomparable work. Within the last few months we have been able, through its aid, to restore to Maurice de Sully, the bishop of Paris who constructed Notre Dame, a series of sermons which a manuscript of the Library of Treves attributed to Prepositinus of Cremona, and to experience the disappointment that in the Quaestiones Magistri Martini, which the catalogue of Saint John's College, Cambridge, attributes to the enigmatic Parisian master Martinus, we have the well-known Regulae Theologicae of Alain de Lille, and not a copy of what would be an otherwise unknown work.

Hauréau was the pioneer who first attacked the literary history of the middle-ages with modern critical methods. Almost simultaneously an Austrian Dominican, Heinrich Denifle, interested himself in the same problems. Though he was self-taught and alone, he opened up more fields for investigation than any savant since Mabillon. Ardent, even irascible in character, almost diabolically sure of his intuitions, critical in his judgments, overwhelming in his thoroughness, he turned his life into a continual rush from one European library to another, following up a new lead while others were testing out his last conclusions, exhausting the new veins almost as he opened them up, spurring on his unsought disciples, crushing the Pontiffs who opposed him. This prodigious career came to a sudden end in 1914 as he was on the way to Cambridge to receive the Doctorate honoris causa.

Starting probably from Quétif and Echard's Scriptores Ordinis Praedicatorum, his attention was drawn to the mystic movement which developed along the Rhine in the fourteenth century. Editions and studies on Suso, Tauler, Meister Eckhart and Merswin followed in rapid succession. A field of investigation was opened up which is still unexhausted, and the master's intuitions have been justified, for it would seem that this mysticism was not of spontaneous origin, but can be traced back to the lectures of Albertus Magnus at Cologne, through the influence of his pupil, Ulrich of Strassburg.

Denifle's ever eager curiosity awakened in him the desire to sketch the origins of scholastic theology. In 1885 he entered into a partnership with the Jesuit Franz Ehrle, now the octogenarian Cardinal Prefect of the Vatican Library. This coöperation resulted in the Archiv für Literatur und Kirchengeschichte des Mittelalters, which during the seven years of its existence offered a series of articles of extraordinary value. Denifle's first contribution—a pamphlet incorporating his researches on The Sentences of Abelard and the influence of his theological approach upon his contemporaries—was epoch-making. The fortunes of Abelard had reached such a low level at a certain moment that his liaison with Héloïse furnished his only claim to renown. If today Abelard is regarded as the father of theology as a science, it is to Denifle that the credit is due. Join to this study on Abelard his essay on the IV Libri Sententiarum of Peter Lombard, and you have roughly sketched the literary background of Saint Thomas.

These researches made him quickly realize that the scholastic movement was intimately connected with the rise of the universities. He was the first to see clear; to fix the use of the universities at the beginning of the thirteenth century; and to establish the double influence exercised by the new learning and by the protection of Rome. From universities in general to the University of Paris was but a step. The fruit of his prodigious learning and untiring labor he poured into that work which is the wonder and envy of every scholar, the Chartularium Universitatis Parisiensis. Here are gathered together all the documents which can in any way throw light on the history of that illustrious institution, from the days when the cathedral school had not passed beyond the cloister of Notre Dame, to 1452, date of the great reform of Cardinal d'Estouteville. The beginnings of the school, the protection of Rome, its conflicts, its successes, its masters, its students, its heretics—all pass in review. The documents which tell the story are gathered with such thoroughness, organized in such perfect order, illustrated with such inexhaustible learning, that in the twenty years which have passed since its publication hardly a single item has been added to its store.

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A life like Denifle's can hardly be explained save by an intense love and enthusiasm for the middle-ages, with a resultant hatred for the men and ideas which ruined that heritage. Little wonder then that at the end of his life he turned the batteries of his learning against the colossus of the Reform—Martin Luther—and showed that the whole story of Luther's religious experience was built on a lie. In spite of the storm of protest raised against his Luther und Luthertum, Denifle's thesis has never been answered. In this question of the origins of the Reform, as in everything he touched, Denifle opened up new ground. He is one of the giants of historical research. He gave an impulse to the historical study of the philosophy and theology of the middle-ages which makes it the most cultivated branch of mediaeval study in our time.

His collaborator in the Archiv, Cardinal Ehrle, was likewise an initiator, and is still an influence in studies of this type. His interest carried him into another century and another atmosphere, for his studies opened up afresh the history of the Council of Vienne and called attention to the importance of Peter John Olivi and the whole of that peculiar Fraticelli movement which rent asunder the Franciscan order and the Church in the fourteenth century. His labor continues as the years bend his shoulders, but the spirit burns bright, for the works of his later days—Roland of Cremona, and Peter of Candia—surpass the perfection of the work of his heyday.

The Franciscan order was the first to realize how necessary it was to return to the tradition of their founders—and this before Pope Leo XIII had sounded the call: "Back to Saint Thomas." They were actuated by the splendid idea that scholasticism must be judged by the masterpieces of its geniuses and not by the miserable abbreviations of some seminary professor. Hence the primary problem was to furnish texts of the great Franciscan masters. They opened up a house of mediaeval studies at Quaracchi, outside of Florence, which in a way represents a model of what the movement needs. The whole order requisitions and supports two groups of scholars, one of which devotes its attentions to Franciscan history while the second edits the texts of its great Doctors. Their publications include a splendid edition of Saint Bonaventure and a good working text of the Libri Sententiarum of Peter Lombard. A critical edition of the Summa of Alexander of Hales is now under way. The Franciscan establishment has three advantages: a permanent staff, disciplined to carry on a definite work after a fixed plan; systematic team work; regular hours for the collection of texts. Materially no more admirable arrangement can be imagined. But the organization is not perfect. It is out of contact with the learned world, with that daily rub of criticism and stimulation which is the life of a scientific career. But more important still, the workers are not given a preliminary training, as are the Bollandists, but learn the trade at the last. In historical science there is more than a mere critical method, there is an indefinable secret, a plan, a flame which passes from master to disciple and which is rarely attained by those who work only through a spirit of obedience. But even with these strictures, the Franciscan House at Quaracchi is the finest of its kind in the world.

Though founded independently of the influence of Denifle and Cardinal Ehrle, Quaracchi felt the impress of their genius. But it is particularly to the German-speaking countries that we must look for the full development of the movement they originated. There the contact was more direct, the barrier of language non-existent, the soil better prepared, for at that moment the level of clerical studies was higher in Germany than in other countries. Clemens Baeumker, a man who was unfortunate with his own publication, for in spite of his immense learning he was guilty more than once of egregious errors, was nevertheless an organizer of the highest order and a dynamic leader of uncommon power. Under his inspiration was founded by the Beiträge zur Scholastik, which now constitutes the most important collection of scholastic texts and studies in existence, though all the numbers are far from having the same value. It is now under the direction of Monsignor Grabmann, himself a disciple of Denifle and, like his master, an innovator in the field. He will leave those who come after him greatly in his debt, for he has followed many of Denifle's leads and plotted out an excellent plan for the publication of twelfth-century texts. It is he who has written the Geschichte der Scholastischen Methode, which gives a better idea of what has been accomplished and what remains to be done than any single work. As there is little probability of its being replaced by any publication in English in our time, it is a pity that the philosophical department of one of our Catholic colleges does not give us a translation. At any rate, Monsignor Grabmann's editorship of the Beiträge is a clear proof that interest in the history of scholastic philosophy and theology is destined to flare up anew.

In France the movement has been slower in getting started. Thomism is à la mode, but the disciples of Père Garrigou-Lagrange, Jacques Maritain and Père Pègues, are not interested in the historical problem. For them the Summa is as sacred as the Scriptures, yet it is perhaps the French group which gives the best hope for the future. This young school has a double ancestry, though it is grouped about the veteran Père Mandonnet, whose Siger de Brabant openly professes his dependence on Denifle. This book, a landmark of the movement, shows clearly that scholasticism is merely the renaissance of the classical tradition in philosophy. Like Denifle's work, it has never been superseded—and, be it said, reads like a romance. The master has gathered about him two sets of young scholars: some of his former students, Dominicans who are just coming into maturity, and a second group formed after the rigid discipline of the Ecole de

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Chartes. It is curious to see the Sorbonne once more interesting itself in the thought of the middle-ages, as in the days of Saint Thomas. Yet the lectures of M. Gilson are thronged. It is still more astonishing to read the list of theses published at the Ecole de Chartes: the Summa of Philip the Chancellor, the Summa of Ulrich of Strassburg, the Pugio Fidei of Raymond Martini, Augustus Triumphus—and the list is lengthening year by year. All of this will eventually be published in the Bibliothèque Thomiste, whose ideal is to print everything that may interest scholars in the origins or development of Saint Thomas's thought.

The University of Louvain has been a pioneer in the revival of scholastic studies. If it has stressed the interpretation of the system and its coördination with the scientific thought of the modern world, yet it has developed three scholars who have made distinguished contributions to the historical study of the movement. For Americans M. de Wulf is the great luminary. And in truth, his History of Mediaeval Philosophy, in spite of a fundamental fault of method, has made the patient researches of the last fifty years the common property of all. Father de Ghellinck, S.J., and Monsignor Auguste Pelzer are but names to those who are not of the trade, but they are the silent workers who aid and inspire with no thought of themselves. Under the distinguished editorship of Father de Ghellinck and Father Martin, also a Jesuit, the Spicilegium Lovaniense is taking up the task ruined by the war, and we can look forward to Louvain's quickly regaining the leadership she enjoyed in scholastic studies before the catastrophe. This is an accomplished fact in the field of bibliography, where the Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique is indispensable. Hence we see Italy, Germany, France coöperating in a gigantic task. We might even add Poland, which has produced scholars of the first order like Michalski and Bierkenmeyer, but they do not constitute a school. Canada has swung into line and proposes to open an institute for mediaeval studies at the University of Toronto. How long can Catholic America stay aloof?

THE PARISH SEES THE UPPER ROOM

By JOHN K. SHARP

THE ceiling of the basement church is low, the view is obstructed here and there by pillars, and the ventilation is bad. For this is still a brick-and-mortar parish, and on Sundays four Masses are celebrated down here in a vain attempt to accommodate the overflow from upstairs. No Broadway house indeed, nor cast nor audience. In fact Broadway exists for most of these good folk only in the screaming headlines of the news sheets. The local movies are their drama.

John O'Brien is an unimaginative clerk. But he took more than usual care tonight with his thinning grey hair, and he has dressed in his shabby best. He comes to the Passion Play with his wife, and her dark eyes shine expectantly in a pallid face. They go up as near as they can to the sanctuary, concealed now by a curtain, for their eldest daughter is to play the part of the Virgin Mother of God, up there where the priest reads the Sunday Mass. If they are a bit fearful they are also very happy.

There are perhaps five or six hundred people present. No need for any of them the caption on the handbill, Please Do Not Applaud. Religious decorum is natural in this Mass place in Holy Week. The men, as usual, are in a minority, but those we see are thoroughly wholesome. The mothers are there too, and the daughters, old and young. The lips and cheeks of some of these are just a bit redder, it seems, than God intended. But there is little harm in that, and we who know predict that the rouge will be spoiled before the play is over.

The hall is filling up and we have just time to nod to the Maguires—father and mother, with four boys and three girls as tall as their parents. They seat themselves with some little ceremony on this never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Bill, their eldest, is just back from a five years' bit in the navy. A flair for dramatics, a splendid carriage and a gruff voice have won for him the part of the soldier Longinus. Right behind them is Judas's girl friend. Last night she closed her eyes at his entrance, but—true grit!—she has returned to see him.

Somewhere a sombre gong strikes deeply and the hall and its drabness vanish in the darkness. A hidden choir of men's voices accompanied by an organ extends the plaintive invitation "Come and mourn with Me awhile." The hymn is done and a young woman with black gown and staff steps from behind the curtains for the Doctor's prologue. The spotlight haloes her and her message of sorrow for sin. She retires, the footlights light up and from some place backstage a familiar voice (why it's the pastor's!) begins the restrained recitation of some brief words of Christ about the vine and branches.

As His voice dies away on His journey from the table of the Last Supper to the Garden, the curtains slowly part and reveal the Upper Room—the setting which is the title of Robert Hugh Benson's memorial to the Passion of his Lord. Soft moonlight from the broad, low window at the rear, floods the room. In its centre is a long, narrow table covered with a white cloth with a deep, wine-colored border. On the table stands a burnished chalice, and scattered about it are a few rolls and gilt cups and dishes. A

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candle burns at either end. On the floor near the table's end a stool lies overturned. A movement in the rear reveals a lad in his early teens listening in ecstasy to the echo of the hushed voice as he looks out from the parapet of the window toward the hazy blue of the distant hills. "Master!" he cries, and stretches out his arms. But there is no reply. The Christ has gone to drink another chalice. The play has begun.

It portrays, as nothing else quite does, the Passion of Christ. At no time indeed does His figure appear, yet His presence pervades the piece. He comes back time and again as the story is unfolded until the vision grows to life and remains. The muted organ and the humming voices of the Pange Lingua break in upon the boy Samuel's accounting to the innkeeper of what took place at the Institution. And how very insistent he is on some change in the bread after He blessed it! Christ returns in the boy's frenzied accents as the Man of Sorrows betrayed in the Garden. And later He is reported as "scourged white as a beaten flower spattered with blood." He enters with the terrifying return of Judas. Yet again, and His eyes search us as do Peter's, who tells it. We set out with Him on His dolorous way in the passage of the spear tops beyond the window, and in the sudden fall and painful rise of the third cross, as the mob howls and Magdalen screams. We look out with Samuel for a few fitful moments through the pitch black chamber at His consummation upon the distant hill with its three gaunt crosses seared by lightning and rocked by thunder. But it is God Who dies. How else that triumphant accompanying organ? He returns again to the room in the sad and heavy faces of His friends who come back from the tomb with the instruments of His Passion, and again we see Him in the varied commentary of their presentation to the sorrowful Mother who presses them to her lips with maternal gestures and eager grief. Again He comes and speaks to us in the calm and final charge of John and in the hope of greeting Him three days hence.

The properties of the play are quite simple. The walls of the room, we observe, are hung with dark grey folds that pick up the blue and reddish tints marvelously. The costumes, both rich and plain, form strong contrasts with their vivid colors. You would have to go backstage to learn that the spear heads that occasionally pass, as well as the cross tops, are manipulated by altar boys penned between the window and Calvary's hill—an apparent distance of two or three miles, but actually only just as many feet. The stools, including the untouchable one of Judas, are sanctuary benches but they look now like Roman settles.

The action of the entire play is grouped about the supper table. In the Son's absence it is presided over by the Mother. She circles it ecstatically and fingers it with the loving reminiscence of a mother. Magdalen venerates it pityingly; Judas and Peter react so differently beside it.

Upon Samuel devolves the telling of much of the story. An artless, mooning lad, he takes fire as the play proceeds and communicates his warmth to us. His innocence pierces to the reality of things and from the beginning, he is sworn to allegiance to Mary and her Son. Fear thrills us as well as the innkeeper when the lad shrilly insists that "the city's still; too still: no man's abroad," that "the moon is still; too still and white it shines there above Golgotha." So he conducts us from mystery to mystery.

Achaz, the innkeeper, is his faithful auditor. A bit rough and scornful at first, he passes from scepticism and fear to generosity, sympathy and faith. The chords of all emotions play upon him. He is the audience, won from gentle doubt that this story can be well told here and now, to a whole-hearted recognition of its value.

Mary O'Brien has been utterly absent-minded these last few days at the office. But who could reconcile the smug, clipped business phrases about carloads of nickel with the poetry of religion that sings in her head as she sits at her desk on the sixteenth floor? The typewriter keys do not make her fingertips ache this week, for she broods on the mystery of the Passion and has become part of it. She is the envy of every girl in the sodality, save perhaps the Magdalen.

Mary falls, readily enough, into one or two types: the fair, slender and tall Virgin of the Annunciation whose pale purity is streaked with red sorrow; or the more robust and darker Mother of Sorrows whose full red cheeks are blanched with pain. Thrown over her white garment is a cloak, blue of course, and from her brow flows back a long white veil. Not a word does she utter, but the agonizing pantomime of her gently nodded wishes, her carriage and the gesture of eyes and face and hands speak the deeper, truer language of the heart. Stricken by ever heavier blows, she alone is completely self-possessed, whether she listens to the impassioned recitals of Samuel and Magdalen or faces Peter and Judas. She has ever a blessing hand for the lad's head, a comforting arm for the Magdalen; and she lays her arm on the arm of him who sat with her Son at table. She is the comely stateliness of grace, the sharp pain of sorrow, the mercy of vicarious suffering, the ecstasy of contemplation—whether she enters with eyes for none but "the blessed board and table of grace He sat at"; whether she kisses the drained chalice and, as co-Redemptrix, makes with it the sign of the cross; or whether she buries her face in Veronica's napkin with the very intensity of longing and of grief. She is the gentle strength, the fragrant sympathy, the sorrowful joy that is God's type of maid and mother.

The play, as those familiar with it know, is charged with incident throughout. It is really a one-act, not a three-act play and the curtains serve to indicate only the passage of time. Action follows fast upon action and the suspense of the audience is very real, beginning with the startling command of the servant to

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his master to leave Judas's stool untouched, and ending with the sharp challenge of John to Longinus as the soldier enters, spear in hand.

What entrances there are and what exits! How necks crane as Mary comes in with quiet dignity and circles the table with slow, majestic grace! How our hearts are stabbed by her utterly sorrowful departure for the Via Dolorosa where, as John suggests, she "may speak with Him or see Him go by"! Stark terror stalks the boards, too, when Samuel flings himself without warning into the room crying, "God save us! All is lost! They took Him in the Garden!" And again when from off stage comes the piercing wail, "Save Him! Save Him—I saw the cross!" and Magdalen enters with a recital of the Passion as gripping perhaps as any written.

But the very pith of drama is reached in the actions of Judas. There is a sudden, sharp scuffle off stage. But the boy's shrill protests are drowned out by the deep-throated and passionate will of Judas. Samuel, terror-struck, is catapulted before him and Judas enters, fierce beyond imagining, bent on self-destruction, with the rope already about his neck. The children generally hiss his appearance but this evening's audience is startled beyond expression. Fortunately for them the action is brief. The psychology of the murderer visiting the scene of his crime brings him back. The danger of sympathy for him is negligible, so hard and set is he upon the suicide which follows that deicide which now, if ever, we realize is mortal sin. A horrible shriek and precipitate exit is his sole reaction to the Mother's appealing eyes.

Peter, even as Judas, returns for a last look at that table. But differently, crushed with remorse, oblivious to the remonstrances of Achaz and not believing Samuel, even when warned of the fate that befell him who returned last night with a rope about his neck. For the prince of the apostles, "Peter" and "rock" are so many "mea culpas" at which he strikes his breast. But Our Lady's entrance prevails, keeps him there safe, abject, yet noble even in his shame.

Who would not, even as Magdalen, seize this blessed opportunity to dramatize her act of contrition? And her tears are quite as real as her grief. Her hair of burnished gold falls nearly to her waist. She is proud of it, for was it not a cloth to wipe the Saviour's feet? We shudder as she paints the Christ, scourged, mocked, the cross laid on His shoulders. We feel the timeliness of her plea that the mountains fall on us and hide us from the Father's face. Her grief amounts to a very crescendo as, turning to point to the bloody sun that rises over Calvary, her eyes meet the Virgin's who has been drinking in this latest woe, spared her until now. Then the Magdalen's heart breaks, and with hers the audience's.

The off-stage mob in its two or three actions furnishes us with an audible picture of Christ's enemies. It synchronizes, of course, with the action of the play and it carries the audience from the supper room into the street below. Curses, blasphemies and imprecations rend the air. Mocking laughter and cries of "Crucify Him!" mingle with those of "Shame!" The single piercing scream of a woman and the pandemonium that rages when the third cross sharply falls is vibrant with the discord of hell.

John is calm and poised throughout, save for one instance. There is delicacy in his speech and gesture, authority and dignity in his tone, lacking to the others. He seems conscious, particularly after the crucifixion, of that unique relation established in his person by Christ between Mary and mankind. How hopefully we seize the final words of the play (but rather in his than in Mary's mouth) to see "that by good penance and His Precious Blood all shall be done away when Forth He comes to meet us all again on Easter Day."

The Upper Room is intended for action, not for reading, and this attempt at describing some of its features necessarily lacks that sense of reality which the performance gives. The play is simple, reverent and complete. There is no attempt at the spectacular, though it grips, nor at the scenic, though the picture is full of charm. It offends neither good taste nor Catholic Christianity nor the traditional reverences.

The play is indeed charged with emotion—that necessary complement of active thought. Its effect upon the audience is apparent. They follow it with breathless interest. The men clear their throats, the women use their handkerchiefs freely. All are transported to the dim past; they accept the soft, oriental colors and queer, rich costumes, and they come indeed to realize better the meaning of the One True Sacrifice and its renewal in the Mass. The pantomime of the last act, particularly that sequent to Joseph of Arimathaea's presentation of the chalice to Mary, is eloquent of the dignity and sublimity of the sacrificial actions of the priest at the altar. What silences for the whisper of grace! What actions speaking louder than words!

The play speaks better to many than poorly executed Tenebrae or the, to some, tedious services of Holy Week. It has become in certain American parishes an event as regular as the observance of the "Three Hours' Agony." A picture of the cast and a hallowed memory of the play will remain with the O'Briens at least while the present generation lives. The Easter Communion will mean much more to the Maguires. And the heavy labors tomorrow of Bridget, the scrub woman, will be sweetened with a sublime purpose. The cast as well as those behind scenes played their parts seriously and effectively. Tomorrow their speech will lapse back into hard New Yorkese, but rarely during the play did false enunciation jar lines that are woven of Scripture and poetry and mediaeval imagery. Their souls have been uplifted as by a retreat. They have not only meditated upon Christ and Him crucified; they have lived with Him through His passion.

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WE BLOW INTO JAPAN

By CLIFF MAXWELL

NONE of the crew of the S.S. Vagabond, from the chief to myself, a fireman, was overly impressed with our ship when we first left Frisco. To us she was just another ship. But two days out of Yokohama we suddenly became very fond of her and congratulated one another on her size and seaworthiness. For the bottom was falling out of the barometer like a landlubber falling off a yard-arm.

Trouble. And the Pacific is a big ocean; shipping board heroes are not always just below the horizon.

It was comforting to know that ours was a stout boat. Slow? Who cared? Bum cooking? A mere trifle. She was *our* ship—the best in the world! For danger was coming up on us from the south in the shape of a monstrous black cloud that seemed to spread over half the world. It was a typhoon. The big wind!

An unnatural quiet seemed to settle over the world. Even the sea appeared to be waiting for something to happen. The gulls and those tireless little birds the sailors call "Mother Carey's chickens" had disappeared. To all intents and purposes we were on a dead planet in the middle of a waste of water—except for that sinister black cloud that approached us with such incredible speed.

Fretful little puffs of wind agitated a loose rope-end hanging from a cargo boom. The sea was as restive as a nervous horse. The approaching cloud, now a black-green, seemed to pause a moment in its rush, as though to gather strength—then leaped upon us.

It drove a tremendous, angry sea ahead of it and turned fading daylight into deep night; in seconds, great combers, so deep they showed green, were rearing high above the ship to come curling over our bow a moment later in a ship-shaking cascade of hissing, foaming water that brought up against our 'mid-ship house with such force that it seemed the whole thing would go by the board.

In the battened-down forecastle we had to yell to each other to make ourselves understood above the hellish howl of the storm. Long before the wind had reached the peak of intensity, our radio had been whipped into the black night with less effort than a man would use to brush an obstructing cobweb from his path.

Our forward and after well decks were full of water almost from the moment the storm broke. As the great greybeards continued to board us with increasing frequency, first our starboard, then our port lifeboats went by the board and their davits were twisted into almost unrecognizable rods of useless steel.

One towering wave flipped a spare propeller over the side. The several turns of chain that secured it to the bulkhead of the afterhouse were snapped as easily as though they had been so many turns of rotten thread—and Davy Jones got a nice new propeller to fit to one of the countless ships that come to his locker.

About midnight, when the storm was at its height, another great comber, as though angry because it could not cave in the side of the ship, smashed out an eight-inch port glass up forward in the carpenter's shop, breaking the inch-thick glass and its additional protection of quarter-inch steel deadlight as easily as if both had been light cardboard. Luckily for us, modern ships are divided into compartments so the sea water could not flood the vessel. The only damage done was to the ship's stores in the forepeak—they were irreparably ruined.

It was not long after this final onslaught that the wind died down. A few hours later the eastern sun dawned in a cloudless sky. The sea was still mountain high, but the waves seemed to lift and roll our 12,000-ton ship in exaltation—not with the destructive fury of the night before. The storm was over.

Just as we were straightening out on our course, an impudent, pocket-size Japanese junk came bowling saucily along almost under our stern. The little Japanese skipper was busily employed coiling rope on the after deck near his wife, who unconcernedly managed the tiller and brought the little craft back on its course each time a liquid mountain would pass under it and cause it to swing and yaw in such a way that it seemed to me it would have been impossible for three men to manage it.

Three or four half-grown kids and a man or two were performing odd chores about the deck. One and all they paused to nod and smile as they passed us. I wondered if this fatalistic, almond-eyed little crew had been as smiling and unconcerned eight hours before when that black typhoon had howled and roared through the rigging of their ship and great seas had continuously swept its deck. . . .

Two days later the Vagabond was methodically plowing through the Inland Sea on its way to anchorage in the lovely harbor of Moji. The storm-scarred old tramp contrasted strangely with the placid water that mirrored the towering mountains on either side; the great white splash on our funnel, caused by the salt from the marine giant which had carried away our starboard lifeboat, looked like a newly healed wound and seemed out of place in the fairy sea we sailed; our littered decks and unkempt appearance were entirely out of keeping with the trim, elfin cities and the neat sailing craft that we passed in this quiet arm of the Inland Sea.

Moji nestles right on the edge of that sea, and frowning mountains stand eternal guard at its back.

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For all its apparent somnolence as of another day, the city bustles with modern commercial activities along the waterfront—it is back of the city, up those great mountains, that one steps from today into yesterday.

Zigzag trails take the pedestrian to their peaks, and it was one of these trails I followed on a lovely golden morning two days after we had dropped our hook in the harbor of Moji. Shrine after shrine I passed on my way up the rugged, rocky mountain. Some of these shrines were to the Goddess of the Harvest, some to Lady Luck (or what we would call Lady Luck) others to those gods who rule over Japan's destinies—and Japan's babies.

It was the latter shrines that interested me more than any of the others. Bright beads, colored pebbles, little rice cakes, cherry blossom petals and other flowers—anything that appeals to the child mind—had been dropped upon them by worried little mothers, or by slim almond-eyed fays who wished to become mothers. They were the best attended shrines of any I passed on that long, tortuous trail up the mountain.

I was not the only pilgrim on that trail, neither was I the only one to walk it clear to the peak, where another shrine had been built. A level space had been cleared here and back of the shrine, at the feet of three pine monarchs, a little Shinto temple had been built. Behind the temple the priest had his domicile, and many were the little brown folk who came each day to this secluded mountain cloister to give thanks.

I took my way to the highest spot on the mountain and threw myself on the brown carpet made by the falling needles from the pine boughs so far overhead.

Below me the sun-kissed, dancing water of the Inland Sea wound its way past the little emerald islands that studded it as far as I could see. To the eastward, mountain succeeded mountain, until the farthest became more phantom than reality as they lost themselves in the dreamy blue haze that grew deeper with distance. Around and about me the sleepy drone of the bees, as they drifted down the aerial lanes from one blossom to another, blended perfectly with the murmurous song of a summer zephyr that whispered through the pine needles. Below and to the right, a little stream tinkled its musical way from ledge to ledge until it was lost in a fairy cascade of liquid melody hundreds of feet below where I sat dreaming in the morning sun.

Even while I was still lost in the ethereal beauty that surrounded me on every side, I became subconsciously aware of a little brown man, whom I had previously noticed before the shrine, standing near by and looking at me.

"You 'Merican sailor man?" he inquired, bobbing his head at me in a bird-like movement while he smiled.

"Yes," I replied, returning both salute and smile.

"Plenty big typhoon three day befo'," he suggested looking quizically first at me and then out over the sweep of territory below us.

"I think so maybe our ship finish," I replied candidly.

"I savie. Think so me too for our ship. We pass by your ship when typhoon finish. I look, see you and plenty 'Merican man on deck when we go by next morning," he volunteered.

Then I remembered him—he was the little Japanese skipper of that impudent junk that had passed the Vagabond the morning following the typhoon.

I arose and took his hand. "We were all lucky."

"Ah, you come, all same me, give thanks," he said glancing from my face toward the shrine where he had been a few moments previous.

I was ashamed, but nodded slowly in reply—no less was due.

NEWMAN'S SAINT PHILIP

By D. H. MOSELEY

EARLY last spring there appeared in the book stores which surround Saint Sulpice in Paris copies of Saint Philippe Néri et la Société de Son Temps (1515-1595). The massive white volume was tempting in itself, and when the inquiring window shopper examined it and learned that it had been begun by a young French abbé who was killed in the war, and completed by a colleague to whom he had bequeathed his documents and his task; that its preface was written by Monsignor Baudrillart; and that it was fresh from the press —"Achevé d'imprimer à Dijon par Robert de Thorey, le vingt-neuf février MCMXXVIII"—the window shopper capitulated and went home with the book under his arm.

If you have wondered about Newman's devotion to Philip Neri, you will not think it strange that this article should be concerned with a modern French life of the saint. The Philip whom one has known through popular biographies was, to say the least, eccentric. John Henry Newman was, of all men, even of all Englishmen, the most sensitive, the most conservative, the most opposed to anything bizarre. As one reads the new, carefully documented biography, the result of painstaking research by the Abbé Louis Ponnell and the Abbé Louis Bordet, one recognizes the Philip with whom Newman became acquainted in the library of the Vallicella in Rome: a saint eccentric still, but comprehensible.

In considering the development of Newman's devotion to Philip, it is interesting to take Wilfrid Ward's The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman, and contrast Newman and Ambrose St. John during the winter of 1846-1847. They were then studying theology in Italy, and they were trying to decide which order would best suit their needs as priests. Newman approached the question with his mind, as usual.

In October, 1846, he had written Dalgairns from Milan: "Altogether it seems rather the age for external secularism with the gentle inward bond of asceticism—and this is just Oratorianism." Already he had caught Philip's spirit and was attracted to the Oratory which he founded. In November, Newman and Ambrose St. John visited the saint's relics in Rome, and the chapel in the Catacombs of Saint Sebastian where he used to pray. In December, they heard Mass and received Holy Communion in Philip's chapel at the Vallicella.

By the latter part of January, Newman wrote Dalgairns again: "I am diligently analyzing Saint Philip's rule"; and Ambrose St. John wrote, on the same sheet of paper, a delightful account of the saint's characteristics and added: "Fancy

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his sending a smart spruce young noble youth to a public house with a most enormously large bottle and a piece of gold to buy a pen'orth of wine!" In a letter to his non-Catholic sister Harriet, Newman described Philip as being like his friend John Keble. "He was formed on the same extreme hatred of humbug, playfulness, nay oddity, tender love of others, and severity which are lineaments of Keble."

By February, Newman and St. John were putting their heads together, deciding whom they would choose as fellow Oratorians, and Newman wrote Dalgairns, "St. John suggests Irishmen, they have wit and fun." By early summer, they were established in a wing of the monastery adjoining Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. It was their Oratorian novitiate. On June 13, 1847, Newman, recently ordained, said Mass in Saint Philip's room at the Vallicella.

Newman ascribed his well-being during the heat of that Roman summer to Philip's care of him; he was already relegating to his saint any good office—even one which belonged, by every right and title, to Saint Lawrence.

On February 2, 1848, the Oratory was formally inaugurated in England, "under the protection of Our Lady and Saint Philip."

When Newman was head of that Oratory he was mindful of the analogy between his life and that of his patron. In his Anglican days, his Saint Mary's sermons had drawn such crowds of students as had followed Philip about Rome. He believed in the value of the spoken word, and loved music, and delighted in the lives of the saints, particularly those of the early doctors, just as Philip had. He, also, had a vast capacity for friendship.

But the great attraction was spiritual. Newman admired in the saint traits which he missed in himself; and he saw in imitating him the means of acquiring some of them. He seems to have chosen him as a sort of director in heaven. He knew himself to be supersensitive, inclined to shrink from anything which hurt; perhaps he felt tempted at times to withdraw from intercourse with harsh and uncongenial men. Then he remembered what Philip, had he the guidance of his soul, would have urged.

As the years wore on and Newman had misunderstandings with ecclesiastical authorities, he took comfort in the fact that Philip had not been immune from such. He wrote Miss Bowles in 1863, after the difficulties incident to the projected university and the various publications in which he had been interested: "We are not better than our fathers. Think of Saint Joseph Calasanctius, or of Blessed Paul of the Cross, or of Saint Alfonso—or of my own Saint Philip, how they were misunderstood by the authorities at Rome. The cardinal vicar called Philip, to his face and in public, an ambitious party man, and suspended his faculties."

Shortly before this he had written in his journal a review of his trials, and continued: "I am noticing all this opposition and distrust, not on their own account, for Saint Philip had them abundantly, but because they have (to all appearance) succeeded in destroying my influence and my usefulness." And that was the Newman who had said in one of his early Catholic sermons: "Neglect was the badge which Saint Philip desired for himself and for his own, 'to despise the whole world, to despise no member of it, to despise oneself, to despise to be despised!'" In 1863 he was being put to the test: perhaps he could not have written then as gaily as he had thirteen years before in his first Catholic heyday, "It is enough for me to black the saint's shoes—if Saint Philip uses blacking in heaven."

When he saw himself growing extremely old, outliving his contemporaries, he must have realized more fully why the aged Philip, who had a devotion to the Holy Spirit as unfailing as his own, had been given to him as a father. "Vessel of the Holy Ghost, apostle of Rome, saint of primitive times, pray for me," he would plead.

There is a touching prayer in Meditations and Devotions in which Newman accuses himself of occasional impatience with his master, and admits that he has sometimes served him with "peevishness and coldness." The reference to the saint in The Idea of a University is charming, and so is the discourse, The Mission of Saint Philip, published in Sermons. Monsignor Baudrillart must have had the latter in mind when he referred to Newman's limpid analysis of Philip.

In Verses on Various Occasions there are five poems on the saint, songs for the Oratory. A certain verse causes one to remember Ambrose St. John's first reaction to Philip's treatment of his penitents; and lines in the poem, Saint Philip in His Disciples, recall Newman's own heroic struggle against temperament. He was contrasting himself with his patron—and contrasting oneself with a saint is as humbling a penance as even Philip could have devised.

It is evident that Saint Philip Neri had a great part in the molding of the cardinal, and therefore any work which makes the student of English literature understand Philip better has a peculiar claim on his interest. In this new French biography, nothing is slurred or neglected or embroidered: Philip stands out by virtue of what he was. His essential genius, the genius dear to Newman, is delicately and lovingly portrayed.

One by a Lake

Where the water has the flavor
of dead violets
and moves as cats on the rim of moonlight
He sits
with arms outstretched

Almost as still and dead
as the stone peacocks
by the gate
whom the night would lure
into speech
passing her fingers on their throats
as on strings
but never speech.

Jesus come down from His cross
to rest by the apple-dim lake:
the cry of soldiers
the rustling of doves overhead
and the weeping grass below
gone from His ears.

Therefore
With arms outstretched
dimly careless as a child
walking in sleep with a rose
mother had slipped between
his waxy fingers
on the edge of sleep

Careless of the rose,
careless of the cross,
with arms outstretched
by the apple-dim lake. . . .

THOMAS ORÉAN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Harlem

THE exploitation of the Negro, both as an actor and as a subject for sensational dramatic writing, is progressing apace. It is a matter which should be of deep concern to those who feel the inner poignancy of the Negro's handicap in American environment, and who would rather see him contribute, within the boundaries of his true genius, to the scope of our life than be held up as a cheap vaudeville curiosity.

The new Negro play, Harlem, written by William Jourdan and Wallace Thurman, and sub-titled "an episode of life in New York's Black Belt," has plenty of action, plenty of shooting, plenty of raucous passion and plenty of comedy of a distinctly low order. A few critics admitted that certain scenes needed toning down, and even intimated that the police authorities would probably attend to that aspect before the play had worn out its welcome. But none of them, so far as I know, raised a voice to protest against the particular way in which this melodrama exploits the worst features of the Negro and depends for its effects solely on the explosions of lust and sensuality. The "good" characters are hopelessly ineffectual, and all the rest are either worthless hypocrites, like the father who uses his home as a centre for debauched parties in order to pay the rent, or criminals of the worst type. Anyone given to prejudice or haphazard judgments would come away from this play with the impression that Harlem is a den of black filth where animal passions run riot and where the few Negroes with higher ideas or ideals are hopelessly snowed under by black flakes from a sodden sky.

To be quite accurate, the story and incidents of the play are less maliciously gross than many of the "sophisticated" comedies of white life which have glutted Broadway this year. By that I mean that the perversions and excesses of supposedly educated whites have about them a deliberate cynicism which makes them even more objectionable than the explosions of ignorant passion. But just as producers seem to relish a Chinese or other exotic setting as a means of putting across material which would not be tolerated in domestic drama, so, in Harlem, the life of the lower classes of Negroes is treated as something exotic and therefore specially licensed. The party staged in Pa Williams's flat is nothing more than a deliberate display of animalism. Presumably it would be justified in print as "authentic atmosphere," but I do not see that this plea avoids in any way the fact that it is pure animal display, as damaging to the general good name of the Negro as it is unnecessary to the dramatic action of the play.

The offense to the Negro, as I see it, is not lessened by the fact that the entire cast, with the exception of one white detective, is Negro. It only doubles the irony of the exploitation. The Negro is apparently a natural-born actor, unspoiled as yet by self-consciousness. We have had enough examples of his work in the last few years to realize that, given legitimate opportunity, he is as capable at creating illusion and the feeling of deep sincerity as the best of our white actors. But to purchase his talent in order to turn it to the public degradation of his own race, to use his very powers as an actor to discredit him as a man—this, I believe, is the cheapest and most contemptible form of exploitation of which the American whites have yet been guilty.

The story of Harlem concerns itself with the rebellious spirit of Cordelia Williams, who involves herself promiscuously with various low characters, causing the death of two of them and the disgrace of her own home—such as it is. There is a redeeming hint that the cause of all this is the migration of the Williams family from a peaceful existence in the South to the hell hole of Harlem, but that is rather a slender thread on which to hang a moral. The chief desire of the authors seems to be to show crime and lust in as much realistic detail as the law permits—gambling, drunkenness, sordid dancing, shooting and the amours of Cordelia. Obviously this goes to make good theatre in the technical sense—plenteous action and tense situations. But it does not constitute either an honest portrayal of Negro character (in the sense of giving a proper balance) nor drama that is free from meretriciousness. (At the Apollo Theatre.)

The Broken Chain

IN VIVID contrast to Harlem's deliberate degradation of the Negro, Mr. Perlman's drama, The Broken Chain, gives us an intimate and fervent view of an exotic side of Jewish character and belief, taking as its theme the temptation and trial of a rabbi of the Chassid sect in lower New York. The play (according to rumor, much rewritten during rehearsals) has rich overtones of spiritual belief, and succeeds in creating an atmosphere strongly reminiscent of Ansky's The Dybbuk. That it fails to achieve the magnificent proportions of The Dybbuk may be due largely to a modern setting in time and place, but is due even more, I think, to a cumbersome and stilted dialogue untouched by the true passion of liturgical poetry in its serious moments or by grace or sensitiveness in its lighter ones. It is an uncommon and exalted theme handled, verbally at least, in a commonplace manner.

The Chassid sect, as the general public first learned in The Dybbuk, is a curious expression of Judaism corresponding, in superficial details, with the revivalist movement among evangelical Christians. It is mystical in the sense that approaches magic, and make use of ecstatic songs and ritual to arouse a tense emotional expression of the religious instinct. It is highly fanatical, and attributes to its rabbis truly miraculous powers. It is intrinsically a theatrical expression of religion, creating almost instantly an atmosphere of the supernatural in the theatre. In this sense, any play dealing honestly with Chassidism obtains a certain universal quality, interesting to Jew and non-Jew alike. Personally, I found The Broken Chain an absorbing experience, even though many degrees below The Dybbuk in intensity and beauty—a play with much dignity, many deeply moving situations, and certainly in the moments when it rises to music and chanting, with a definite haunting beauty, expressing much of the tragedy and lamentation of a race.

The entire action takes place in the home of a Chassid rabbi, a man surrounded by many pious legends, known to his congregation as Reb Velvele. He comes of a long line of rabbis but is without male issue to succeed him, as his son has become a prize-fighter. He wishes his daughter, Esther, to marry a young man named Gabriel, well trained in rabbinical law, hoping that through them he may have a grandson to take up the mantle of office. But Esther is in love with someone else—a friend of her renegade brother. To com-

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plicate matters further, there is a faction in the congregation which wishes to depose Reb Velvele, and uses his domestic misfortune to prove that the blessing of God has departed from him.

In this crisis, Reb Velvele and his second wife, who is childless, use every moral pressure to make Esther consent to marry Gabriel. This she finally does—but breaks under the strain imposed on her and is finally unfaithful to him. She seeks the divorce permitted by the Jewish law in order to marry the man she loves—but can obtain it only by the confession of her guilt, which she lacks the courage to make. At length catastrophe overtakes the congregation. Events which are taken as signs of displeasure from heaven multiply. There must be, so it is said, a sinner in their midst, and it is the duty of the rabbi to find the sinner and expel him from among them. It is a very moving scene indeed in which Reb Velvele finally discovers that his own daughter is the guilty one, and must pronounce over her the decree of banishment and anathema. Later, after searching his heart, he discovers that the greatest sin has been his own—his pride which forced a loveless marriage on his daughter. From then on, events move swiftly to a climax in which he renounces his rabbinate after a public confession, bestows his mantle on Gabriel, and revokes the anathema he has uttered over Esther.

One quite amazing achievement of this production is the authenticity of mood created by a large cast of actors, of whom many of the leading ones are not Jews. Frank McGlynn, for example, remembered for his imposing characterization of Lincoln, gives an utterly convincing and moving portrait of Reb Velvele, replete with dignity, sincerity and a patriarchal warmth. Mary Fowler, as his daughter Esther, is very fine in the terror-stricken moments of the second act when she must face the entire congregation with her stark confession. The part of Reb Velvele's wife is taken with beautiful poise and dignity by Miss Biala, and there are several splendid minor characterizations, particularly by Maurice Cass as one of the plotters. Whether a play of this character will catch the popular imagination, as The Dybbuk did, is hard to say. If it does not, the fault will lie largely with the thinness and unreality of much of the dialogue, which frequently belies the intensity and sincerity of the theme and situations. This is particular evident in the case of Esther, whose part is much underwritten, and of her lover and brother. As much depends on them, their commonplace lines amount to a capital weakness in a play which otherwise attains considerable distinction. (At Maxine Elliott's Theatre.)

Pleasure Bound

IN SPITE of the fact that this new musical revue has already established itself as a hit, I have considerable difficulty in finding out wherein it surpasses a moderately good vaudeville bill. The music, though rhythmic and insistent, recalls too many older themes to have much real freshness; vulgarity of joke and allusion is quite pronounced; and the thread of story is so slim that it would better have been abandoned entirely. The ensemble dancing, with the exception of one or two numbers, is far below average, so that little of real interest remains except the individual and isolated numbers allotted to the star performers, notably Jack Pearl and his Germanisms, Phil Baker, the reposeful and interesting Aileen Stanley, and some of the clownings of that droll pair, Shaw and Lee. Add to this, however, some exceptional Spanish dancing by Veloz and Yolanda, and by Rosita and Paco Moreno. (At Chanin's Majestic Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON SOCIAL ACTION

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal has frequently adverted to the fact that generally speaking, Catholics, considered individually or as a body, have not exerted and do not exert a degree of influence in keeping with their numbers on the life of this nation. That this deplorable state of affairs is not to be peculiarly associated with Catholics of the present generation, i. e., to the exclusion of our coreligionists of yesterday, will be clearly seen by merely dipping into the writings of that virile American and staunch churchman, Archbishop Ireland.

The following excerpts culled from his sermons and writings contain some sound, healthy advice which, if it had been followed during the last twenty-five years, might have been instrumental in lifting the Catholic populace out of its seeming inferiority-complex rut.

In speaking of the social injustices of his day he said: "Whatever be the cause, there exist dreadful social injustices. Men made in the image and likeness of the Creator are viewed as pieces of machinery or beasts of burden. The moral instincts are ground out of them. Until their material conditions are improved, it is futile to speak of supernatural life and duties. Men who suffer are conscious of their wrongs, and will hold as their friends those who aid them. Irreligion makes promises to them, and irreligion is winning them. They who should be first and last in promises and in deeds are silent." After mentioning a few of the Catholic leaders who had spoken out, he continues: "But as a body, Catholics are quietness itself. They say their prayers, they preach, they listen to sermons on the love of God and on resignation in suffering, and if they venture at all into the arena, it is at the eleventh hour when others have long since preceded them, and public opinion has already been formed. Strange indeed is all this! Christ made the social question the basis of His ministry. What has come over us that we shun the work which is essentially ours to do? These are days of action, days of warfare. Into the arena, priest and layman!"

The following cryptic utterance is especially pertinent for those of us who do not think that everything that is is right, good and moral. "The conservatism which wishes to be ever safe is dry rot. . . . Do not fear what is novel, provided principles are well guarded."

Again: "The age pleads for social justice and the amelioration of the masses; in social movements let us be most active, most useful, and men will recognize the truth that religion, having the promise of the life to come, has these, too, of the life that is, and seeing in the Church the friend and the protectress of their terrestial interests, they will put faith in her pledges of supernatural rewards."

The point or lesson contained in the following is all too often lost sight of by our Catholic leaders: "No one will say that during the nineteenth century Catholics have not, in loud speech and brave acts, made opposition to all the bad tendencies visible in the movements of the age. If, however, their opposition failed to correct those tendencies, may not the cause be that they did not make clear their love for what is good in the age, while expressing their hatred of what is bad in it? The age believed that it was attacked in all its aims and activities; and it refused to hearken to them. To hold the age to truth and justice, Catholics must be in it and of it." As The Commonweal recently said editorially in a

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critical vein: "Normally we begin, in literature particularly but also in oratory, by enunciating that all men are wrong excepting ourselves." The Commonweal is evidently in agreement with the above view of Archbishop Ireland, that in seeking to correct evil practices and principles we seem destined to make ourselves just about as obnoxious as possible in the eyes of our opponents.

The following and concluding quotation should be printed in bold, black type so that he who runs may eventually retrace his steps to read: "We have of late been so accustomed to look up our teachings in seminary and sanctuary that when they appear in active evolution in the broad arena of life, they are not recognized by Catholics; nay, are even feared and disowned by them."

It is barely possible that The Commonweal, Archbishop Ireland and his followers may belong to the lunatic fringe in the Catholic world of thought and action. But at least their advice might be tried out. To go backward would hardly be possible. Some progress might eventuate.

If our Catholic citizens could become imbued with the fighting spirit of this aggressive prince of the Church, Catholic doctrines, teachings and practices would be the more easily understood by our non-Catholic brethren. For theory would be translated into action, and in all difficult matters examples aid the intellect in its effort to comprehend.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

ADOPTING MODERN LIBRARY STANDARDS

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—In rereading the lecture given by Mr. Michael Williams to a group of Catholic laymen in New York City almost exactly a year ago, the writer is struck by the direct and simple yet forceful statement of the objectives which the Calvert Associates have set for themselves: "First and foremost is the desire to make a distinct contribution to American life"; "next, the determination to show that the Church which has fostered culture through the ages—is very close to man in all his activities, especially those making for a fuller and richer life here and now."

Because of the two purposes just quoted, it occurs to the writer that The Commonweal is the best medium for broadcasting a historical and significant event recorded in the Daily American Tribune recently in the following words: "Father Colman Farrell, O.S.B., of Atchison, Kansas, has recently received his Master of Arts degree from the University of Michigan. He is the first Catholic priest in the United States to obtain a Master's degree in library science."

Before filing this choice bit of Church history, the writer is minded to invite the Calvert Associates and the readers of The Commonweal to offer their congratulations to the Benedictines of the United States for having been the first educational body of priests to profit by the precedent established by the Vatican for the greater advancement of learning and research through the use of the latest methods of library economy. Surely such an educational step is a movement in the right direction, a "contribution to American life," in that it is the beginning of a concentrated program for making still clearer the present position of Catholics in the United States. Historians will see in this chronological item a linking of the present with the past: 528-1928. The historical pendulum has swung across the face of fourteen centuries, from the year 528, when the ancient institution known as monasticism received its great impetus in the West from Saint Benedict, founder of the order which now bears his name. It was the foresightedness of this monastic leader which widened the horizon of Europe, by giving a new interpretation to monasticism (primarily instituted as a centre for prayer and retreat, not as a school) and by applying to it the broader significance of personal sanctification through the education of others.

True to her divine instinct, the Church always adapts herself to the exigencies of time, place and necessity. This is well demonstrated in the initiative taken by the Benedictine Fathers in the United States today. Their action receives further significance from Pius XI, himself a noted bibliophile, who has accepted the service of young America for making available and accessible to the world the archives of Christendom.

It will be recalled that recently Monsignor Eugene Tisserant, one of the librarians of the Vatican, attended a convention of the American Library Association held in Toronto, Canada. This distinguished scholar's visit to America, together with the exchange of scholars between Rome and the United States, has heightened the prestige of the profession of books, and elicited from the heads of American universities expressions of profound admiration and reverence for the Church and her learned doctors, archaeologists and research workers.

With the head of the Church in the lead, and the oldest foundation of learning in the Christian world following in the path of progress, it is to be hoped that our traditional dilettantism in the field of reference and research is at an end. The exponents of Catholic education cannot afford to be merely the custodians of truth, the arts and the sciences: knowledge is power only when it can be communicated, disseminated. It is imperative that we keep pace with the higher standards now being established for professional librarianship and book technique so adapted to modern needs as to be the symmetrizing and polishing process to a complete, well-rounded education.

Finally, this thought would seem to have been implied in the recent letter of His Holiness Pius XI, wherein it was stated that Catholic institutions of higher learning must make it possible for Catholic students "to compete successfully with those others to which we have referred."

Congratulations to Father Colman Farrell, O.S.B., of Saint Benedict College, Atchison, Kansas, on the distinction of being "the first Catholic priest in the United States to obtain a Master's degree in library science"!

SISTER M. AGATHA, URSULINE.

SCOUTING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The article Scouting, in your issue of February 20, does not do justice to the topic. Following the method of social advertising, it produces a picture that seems to leave no room for intelligent discussion and represents a view as if it were universally accepted. This is not the case. Whether an open controversy is prudent and opportune I do not wish to decide, but meanwhile it would not be just to Scouting itself nor to the reader to permit the presentation of a one-sided view without challenging it.

Granted that numbers given represent an actual enrolment, they by no means prove that a movement is "true to boy psychology." They rather prove that its advertising is efficient, since a boy when joining a movement does not know it except by advertising. It is the remaining in an organization that proves its worth. Herein lies the point. If the large number of enrolments proves anything in addition, it is the fact of a tremendous change in membership. If 1,000 boys register

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and leave after six months, there would be at the end of the year 2,000 enrolments but no actual membership. The enrolments of boys can be counted exactly enough, but not the resignations. Successes are recorded, failures mostly not. This, of course, is not the fault of a movement.

If the turnover is so large—as it actually is—the time of membership is comparatively short and, although a character can be ruined in a short time, it cannot be built up in a hurry. It needs no experience to prove this. But this is of little importance with a selective movement, since it does well enough by keeping good boys as they are.

Contrary to a prevailing opinion, it cannot be maintained that the Holy See has "explicitly approved of the Scout movement" as it exists among us today. The fragment of the letter of Cardinal Gasparri does not constitute such approval. The letter to which the Cardinal was replying is not quoted, nor is any reference made to the circumstances under which the quoted letter was written. This makes quite a difference. The approval to start a movement does not extend to the movement if it is differently organized from what was intended. The Catholic Boy Scouts in Europe are intrinsically and extrinsically different from the Boy Scouts of America. They are exclusively Catholic and "since they are organized along religious lines, they do not belong to the international union." The result is success there and failure here.

The fact that the Holy See has not explicitly approved the Boy Scouts of America or its Catholic extension does not mean that the Pope has condemned the movement. It means only that he has not expressed himself about it officially. Moreover, the Scouts have the approval or toleration of some of the bishops. That is sufficient for their respective dioceses. The Holy Father has declared social work to be a part of the pastoral ministry, and has added that the Church disapproves neutral associations. The rest he leaves to the judgment of the ordinaries. There can be no talk of a duty to support a particular organization.

There are other inaccuracies in the article, but these may be passed over. What I have said corrects to some extent the faulty perspective created. It gives additional information to those readers who can find no reason why the concensus of opinion is lacking, if anything is as plain as daylight. Happily, all points of controversy are remediable and, no doubt, will find a solution. Meanwhile, one-sided representations likely to create false impressions should be avoided.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M.Cap.,
Chief Commissioner C. B. B. U.

AN OPINION IS OFFERED

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Allow me to call your attention to epidemics of sickness which have afflicted our country and events which have preceded them.

I refer to the epidemic of 1918, which occurred after our national government had deliberately carried on a campaign of slander to stir up the desired bitterness against the foe. The present epidemic also follows a campaign of slander indulged in by our national government to arouse a popular frenzy and thereby to keep the party ruling in power.

Are these successions of slander and epidemics merely coincidences? "Post hoc ergo propter hoc." Or is there a connection between the deliberate crime of our national government and the national affliction which followed? In the Old Testament we read of many instances in which the whole people were punished for the crime of the king.

I think that deliberate slander should justly be punished, and I think that deliberate slander by the élite, and especially by the rulers, should bring distress on the whole nation. The old principle holds good—"Noblesse oblige." If the élite wilfully engage in crime to gain their ends, and if this conduct of theirs goes unpunished, how can we blame the lower classes when they indulge in a crime wave?

The true cause of the orgy of crime in recent years, in my opinion, must be laid at the door of the governing classes and the leaders in wealth and in education. Their example is the cause. I would encourage you to think out this opinion.

E'MON DAVIN.

THE VILLA OZANAM-GIBBONS

Boissy St. Léger,
Seine et Oise,
5 Rue de la Fontaine.

TO the Editor:—I am sure that some of your intellectual and spiritual workers, men and women, writers, artists, journalists, teachers, priests, would be glad to know that a kind of new Port Royal, without Jansenistic rigorism, was founded three years ago and is now established at the above address. American intellectuals, whether Catholic or not, will there find comfortable quarters, interesting company and rural surrounding, at moderate rates, at a half-hour's distance from Paris. This international home is called Villa Ozanam-Gibbons, after the saintly French professor and social writer and the great American cardinal. Their spirit is the spirit of the place.

ABBÉ LUGAN.

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—We are endeavoring to establish a library for Catholic children—from the third through the eighth grades—who are too poor to purchase books, and who are in need of advice and direction in selecting suitable books. We feel there must be many Catholic homes in which the children have outgrown their books. No better place could be found for discarded books than among these children who are so anxious for some good literature.

If any of your readers are sufficiently interested in the plan of establishing such a library, will they please communicate with us at 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MARY E. DONOHUE,
Chairman Religious Instruction Committee,
New York Archdiocesan Council, N. C. C. W.

THE SIN OF SELF-MURDER

Toronto, Canada.

TO the Editor:—You say: "The Hebraic-Christian tradition alone has stemmed the tide of self-murder by calling it a sin." Cicero, in his De Officiis, has this memorable saying: "Vetat ille dominans in nobis deus nos hinc injussu suo demigrare"—"That God who is our Lord and Master forbids us to go hence without His orders." This, of course, springs from what Tertullian calls the "anima naturaliter Christiana." But without doubt the great minds of the old pagan world, such as Cicero, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, owed a great deal to the writings and traditions of the Hebrew people.

A READER.

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BOOKS

From Our National Family Album

Forgotten Ladies, by Richardson Wright. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.00.

IF THE title of Mr. Wright's new book is good, the subtitle is even better. Nine Portraits from the American Family Album—how neatly that sets the keynote for a good-humored, whimsical report on the further discoveries which the author of Hawkers and Walkers in Early America has made in the national attic, where the dust of oblivion gathers on the memories of many who "made passing fair names for themselves and influenced their generation." But if Mr. Wright's touch is light, it is nevertheless the touch of the historian. Too much has history been a matter of imposing façades, dress parades, plenary sessions and official rhetoric. What has been going on behind the scenes, what intrigue and struggle of petty and ignoble forces, what insanities and mob hysterias, what humble heroisms?—to these questions certain modern writers are most usefully addressing themselves, and among them Mr. Wright wields a graceful but revealing pen.

Thus, midway in his account of the career of Deborah Sampson, the high-spirited New England girl who put on man's clothing to escape the drudgery which fell to the lot of an orphan on a farm, and presently found herself an enlisted soldier in the Continental army, our author turns aside to draw an exceptionally vivid and clear picture of the political and social confusion which marked the latter years of the Revolution and the early years of the new republic. That there were deplorable happenings in those days—Tory treachery and patriot revenge, faith broken with the suffering soldiery, and hot-headed mutiny, selfishness and indifference casting a heart-breaking weight into the balance against devotion and heroism and endurance—is of course well known; but we recall no pages that make the picture more immediate and alive, nor any that draw so illuminating a parallel between those days and the war days we have recently passed through, reminding us that profiteering was not the invention of our generation, and that even "post-war chaos" in morals and manners is an old phenomenon.

Equally revelatory of the social and political background, especially in those aspects which the formal historian suppressed or slurred over, is the account of the incredible career of Anne Royal. This widow of a Revolutionary general, done out of her inheritance by legal chicanery and callously denied relief by Congress, turned to her pen with results that indeed "fluttered your Volscians." Alike in her amazing travel books, in her political volumes and in the newspapers which she continued to edit with vigor to the age of eighty-seven, this woman who had absorbed a bland and rigorous honesty as a ragged girl on the frontier, wrote with a directness that was appalling and a fearlessness that was indefeasible. Mr. Wright gives a list of the causes for which Anne Royal battled: " . . . the exposure and punishment of corrupt officials and the complete dissociation of church and state . . . sound money, Freemasonry . . . free, non-denominational public schools, a just management of the Indians . . . liberal immigration and tariff laws, transportation of Sunday mail, appropriations for scientific investigation, the betterment of conditions of wage-earners, the abolition of flogging in the navy, states' rights in regard to slavery, appropriations for internal improvements and territorial expansion . . . free thought, free speech and free press." Far from being a grim-visaged reformer, however, Anne Royal was the relentless enemy of that breed; she blistered bigots with such nicknames as "Holy Willies," "Mucklewraths" and "Hallelujah Holdforths"; and indeed the standard cartoon type of religious bigot and fanatical reformer, as we have it in our press today, conforms exactly to the picture drawn by this furiously tolerant little woman.

The first two stories in this book seem to me of very minor interest, but the account of the amazing amorous entanglement into which John Wesley's fanaticism led him in his young days in Savannah; the history of Sarah Josepha Hale's forty-seven years of dictatorship of feminine fashions; the pathetic tale of the Fox sisters, whose accidental discovery of their ability to make their bones snap audibly led to the great delusion of spiritualism; and the story of the Confederate spy, Belle Boyd, who was at once a spirited adventuress and a gaudy liar—these are all saturated with interest and illuminating as social documents. Most interesting and significant of all, however, in its appalling revelation of things which the historians hide away, is the story of Maria Monk; the story, rather, of the devastating effects of anti-Catholic bigotry which raged through this land of religious freedom for several of the earlier decades of the last century. Maria Monk herself was only a poor moron, guiltless of the blood which flowed and the torches which were lit in Boston, New York and elsewhere. It is in the masterly exposition of this ugly chapter in our national annals that Mr. Wright renders his most valuable service. And correctly remarking that no movement of such scope and power could have fed upon bigotry alone, but must have economic roots as well, he traces those roots to the alarm felt by the native population at the vast immigration in the early decades of the last century. The serene picture of democracy's growth is sadly disturbed by these reminders of the actual facts: how, unguided by any intelligent statesmanship, the process of absorbing into our body politic some of those elements which now form not only a great, but a most creditable part of the nation, was accompanied by seething hatred, persecution and murderous riots. The native worker's fear of losing his job to the immigrant was the soil in which bigotry's seeds found root. Then, as now, the most heartening part of the record was written by noble Protestants who took the initiative in exposing falsehood and rebuking baseness.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Mystery in Bloom

The Snake Pit, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

IN THE heart of the second volume of her recently finished and not yet entirely translated tetralogy, Sigrid Undset has placed a conversation, eminently mediaeval, between Olaf Andusson and his friend Arnvid. They are wondering why God exacts so much of some folk and apparently nothing at all of others. And when they have finished each knows that the other is burdened, but in these very loads the necessity of the Divine will stands revealed. The Snake Pit is the story of Olaf's burden, which is essentially inability to confess a sin that nevertheless crushes the life out of him. In a way it is the old theme of The Scarlet Letter, but to name the two books is to stress the differences between them. Sigrid Undset is at once more mystical and more real than Hawthorne. The rhythm of eternity governs the pulse of her hero. Behind his life the Lord God waits for the prayer, "Dele iniquitatem meam." The "strong feet" of Thompson's Hound of Heaven follow this strangely harassed man down all the by-paths of

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a passion which, though in a measure illicit, needs only a redemptive touch to reveal its implicit beauty. Here are the poetry and sincerity of northern mysticism, to which experience is always so frighteningly a matter of the inward man.

On the other hand, the drama is quite brutally realistic. Between harvest and hunt, the men go to sleep in rooms which reek with smoke from the hearth. Ingunn, poor woman, lies white against the wall and listens to the steps of death. The children—the book is filled with them—are not the innocent darlings of modern advertising, but poignant, animal-like, romping little creatures whom one follows from the pangs of birth into the perilous adventures of consciousness. I know of few pages written about children which seem so genuine and moving as those in which Sigrid Undset has related the story of Eirik—begotten in sin, farmed out among strangers, pathetically introduced into the lives of his mother and her husband. Yet all this mass of acutely observed detail—to which one must add, for the sake of completeness, a strikingly vivid description of mediaeval farming—is less important than the relentless psychological penetration, terrible and yet honestly pathetic in the manner of Sophocles and Dante.

It has been said that these are novels of no age, but chronicles of the essential life of man. This is true if one means that the characters are not determined by the circumstances of history, but have human freedom of body and soul. And yet I feel how very deeply mediaeval these Undset books really are—how remote they must seem from the sophistications of a non-mystical time. In the end perhaps this quality will prove to be their secret. They have made it possible for the flower of mystery to bloom again.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Tales of Combat

I Saw It Myself, by Henri Barbusse; translated by Brian Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Private Suhren, by George von der Vring; translated by Fred Hall. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IN MARKED contrast to the propaganda of Mr. Lincoln Steffens is that of M. Barbusse, who may also be called a "Christian socialist." But in the case of M. Barbusse, nobody denies the genuineness of his conversion. Human society by now is so far off equilibrium that such conversions are quite the order of the day. A shock like the late war is sufficient to transform a disciple of Schopenhauer into his opposite. The thinker to whom the universe has become an unintelligible chaos and the very possibility of human happiness a cruel illusion, instinctively turns to his fellow-sufferers. Like M. Barbusse he may become an apostle of reform, a lover of the proletariat. But conversions from socialism to pessimism have been as numerous. The heart sinks like a stone and dies when it contemplates the shambles; and an ice-cold intellectualism, which discovers no God in the midst, takes possession.

Before the war M. Barbusse was practically unknown. Then his Under Fire appeared. At once he leaped into prominence. Everywhere he was discussed. Clarté followed in 1919, other books in due course, and, with few exceptions, they show M. Barbusse to be a writer with a message.

The net result is a terrible apocalypse; here is an abyss one dares not scan too deeply or too long, any more than one dares to contemplate too long the eternal fate of the reprobate. Fortunately, normal human nature is not capable of prolonged contemplation. But I did not discover anything incredible in M. Barbusse's accounts of atrocities. I have read about his cases in other, and conservative, sources. The only question is, what is their real significance?

I do not believe that mere "human nature" will account for the ferocious reprisals on helpless humanity which M. Barbusse describes. In the gloom of a capitalism which has become satanic, monsters ravin and the voices of martyrs call out to the "Unknown Humanity" (M. Barbusse is at pains to explain that he "does not believe" in God) "How long, O Lord, how long?" And that gloom is only relieved by the sight of Lenin, coming in the clouds of power—the hammer and sickle in the Russian heavens.

There is a yet darker mystery; it is the most desperate of all. The proletariat is gradually allowing itself to be detached from its heavenly Friend Who, while on earth, preached the gospel to the poor. Another religion, Bolshevism, is taking the place of Christianity in the heart of the worker. It is a religion devoid of God; yet (strange paradox!) it has a god: Justice. Bolshevism is a Christian heresy. The ministers of God who have despaired of justice and have relegated the Just God wholly to a heavenly future are deeply involved in this guilt. Too many, like the rector of a school in Spain, have shouted at those who would bring God back into the world: "Justice? Justice indeed! No man may talk of justice to Christians; it is no business of theirs. Justice is God. You may only talk to them of faith and love."

The point of view of Private Suhren is more wholesome. It is the normal attitude of a private soldier in the armies, whether of the Allies or the Central Powers. He wants nothing so much as to get back to his farm or his sweetheart. In spite of all the pan-Germanism, he is a very human sort. He carries along a copy of Zarathustra in his knapsack—but when the going is hard he throws it into the weeds, since every extra ounce is a hardship. He is not the proletariat crucified of M. Barbusse, the eternal sufferer of Les Mystères du Peuple of M. Sue.

In Private Suhren an admirable balance is maintained: the soldier has a rich interior life upon which to fall back, especially if he is an artist. But he does not dream away his days; the barrage of Russian shells takes care of that. He acts decisively at the right moment; he is wide awake when his comrade asks, "Are you safe?" Let Herr Von der Vring describe the scurry of his soldier to safety: "I crawl into my shell hole, laughing. I have kissed the dear earth."

A wonderful war-story, glowing in every line. One cannot afford to miss reading it.

ROBERT R. HULL.

Bergson Con Amore

Henri Bergson, by Jacques Chevalier; authorized translation from the French, by Lilian A. Clark. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE late Professor Josiah Royce used to take a joyous pride in the fact that, whereas he had many admiring pupils in his philosophical classes at Harvard, he was never the father of a disciple. Henri Bergson never had M. Jacques Chevalier, professor of philosophy in the University of Grenoble, as a pupil; yet, as M. Chevalier's volume belatedly proves, Henri Bergson has produced in one student of his philosophy both an admiring and an admirable disciple.

The discipleship appears first in the fact that, throughout the Introduction and seven chapters of this 350-page work, Professor Chevalier writes con amore; and next in the fact that he goes to elaborate pains, especially in the final chapter,

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The Trend of Bergsonian Thought, to explicate and develop the religious implications and import of the metaphysic of the great French philosopher whose chief works were placed on the Index Expurgatorius. And M. Chevalier, who is a devoted Catholic and learned in scholastic philosophy, particularly the philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas, meticulously explains that when a work is placed on the Index, that is a sign that the Roman hierarchy have not quite made up their minds as to the availability of the work for general reading, and it is therefore posted as "ambiguous and dangerous." That is to say, M. Chevalier is the avowed and intrepid champion of Bergsonism.

The work under review comprises the substance of a series of lectures on the doctrine of Bergson, with additional matter, and other lectures given in the Cours Public at the University of Grenoble. The method of exposition is psychological and pragmatic, and is therefore more in the nature of defense and illustration than of strictly philosophical or critical exposition. Critical M. Chevalier's method could not be because, like Mansel with Sir William Hamilton, he is championing his master. From the beginning the ardent disciple labors more with definition and documentation to prove his own allegation that Bergson worked a fresh and startling revolution in philosophic thought and method than he does with simplifying and clearly expounding the recondite principles of the Bergsonian metaphysical realism. The result is that on the whole the work issues in an abstruse "vocabulaire philosophique."

The admirable expounder that M. Chevalier can be does not appear, except in the first chapter, The Milieu of the Period, an illuminating critical review of French philosophy in the nineteenth century; and in the seventh chapter, The Trend of the Bergsonian Thought. In this latter chapter he himself is the constructive philosopher, writing, as he calls it, "a prolongation"—that is, an explication of the religious implications of Bergsonism. In this he does Bergsonism a genuine service. For while Bergsonism is not, as M. Chevalier thinks it is, the disproof of Kantianism, and while indeed, as M. Chevalier does not perceive, Bergson is only reasserting the supremacy of the religious intuitions which Kant called the postulates of the Practical Reason, Bergson did recall men, in a time when science had issued in the total negation of spirit, to the necessity of a metaphysical proof of the actuality of spirit.

But Bergson worked no revolution; and the profoundest truths in his philosophy are to be found in Plato, Aristotle and, above all, Saint Thomas Aquinas. M. Chevalier's volume is a fresh, if too enthusiastic, presentation of Bergson's philosophy. But it is a better—and a very much needed—work in Bergsonian philology.

J. D. Logan.

Bellarmine on Society

De Laicis or The Treatise on Civil Government, by Robert Bellarmine; translated by Kathleen E. Murphy. New York: The Fordham University Press. $1.25.

IN 1923 Cardinal Robert Bellarmine was beatified, and a recent despatch from Rome informs us that steps to secure his sanctification are already under way. These facts give added interest to this translation, with copious notes for classroom use, of a work which is bound to fascinate the student of political history.

To be sure, many of the circumstances which inspired it have long since ceased to be matters of actuality. The author finds it necessary to refute the apparently still popular contention of Wyclif and Hus that only rulers in a state of grace should wield authority. The anti-social notions of contemporary religious innovators, like the Anabaptists, likewise receive their share of reprobation. One can think of no present-day believers of any persuasion who regard the exercise of magisterial power as incompatible with the profession of the Christian name. Bellarmine's little treatise, moreover, reflects the sixteenth-century Zeitgeist in its naive anthropology and in its religious intolerance. The author believes that the world is only 6,000 years old and that the first men immediately built cities. Christian rulers, he contends, should allow no freedom of belief within their realms. Anyone disposed to recoil at this claim in behalf of the prescriptive right of an ancient teaching Church should in fairness recall that, in the century following Bellarmine, the Protestant sects of the empire, after years of devastating wars, had achieved nothing more impressive in the field of religious toleration than a recognition of the principle, "Cuius regio eius religio." Meanwhile, in the new world, an English Catholic had set up a commonwealth founded on freedom of faith and separation of Church and state.

Bellarmine's political theories resemble those of the other scholastic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, notably Suarez and Mariana. Recognizing the essentially social nature of man and his primeval need for authority with God as its source, not as a punishment for sin but to make practicable his social relationships, the author repudiates the social contact theory expounded by Locke and Rousseau. He is equally out of sympathy with the idea of divine right monarchy. Indeed, his statement that a people should choose their type of government and might change it for legitimate cause evoked the ire of James I, but it foreshadowed the viewpoint of liberal statesmen and of the founders of our own republic.

The translation is admirably done. It is to be hoped that Dr. Murphy, who is Professor of Latin in the Fordham Graduate School, will apply her philosophic knowledge and linguistic skill to making accessible still more of the works of the great thinkers of the Church.

Georgiana Putnam McEntee.

A Harmony for the Future

New Dimensions: The Decorative Arts of Today in Words and Pictures, by Paul T. Frankl. New York: Payson and Clark, Limited.

MR. FRANKL is strikingly to the point. "What is modern? To be modern is to be consistent, it is to bring out an artistic harmony in our lives and necessary environments, a harmony between our civilization and our individual art impulses. What is our own art? Our own art is a creation that expresses ourselves and our time. It is an expression that is alive and while it acknowledges its debts to the arts of the past, it has no part in them."

Few will dispute him when he insists on the canon of simplicity, on a restraint which scorns in decoration the oriental rug, the tassel, the fastidious drapery, or in architecture the encumbered façade and the crackling turret. But how this harmony is to declare itself is problematic. "Our time" has by no means resolved its impulses. The psychological certainty which would give full sanction to the furniture of Ruhlmann and Martine, the buildings of Mallet-Stevens and Nicholas, and the craft of Etienne Kohlmann is hardly established among us. The Telephone and the French buildings in New York are monuments to far-sighted judgment, yet they have not

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succeeded in purifying their elements so as to build up consistent architectural canons. There has been an indecision and an impurity in some of the best recent art, wofully testified to by Grand Rapids' imitations of the Paris Exhibition models and by the flimsiness of so many city structures. Mr. Frankl's thesis is historically admirable, but an art justifying it for our own age has not yet appeared, however ingenious we find the work of Eugene Schoen, Lucian Bernhard, Winold Reiss or Mr. Frankl himself.

The book is admirably illustrated. It is noticeable among the plates that the highly imaginative work of the French lacks the stability and grace of the Swedish, German and Austrian. And compared with Oud's buildings at Hoek van Holland, the Chilehause in Hamburg is merely an elaborate test case and the Einstein Tower a phenomenon. The finest work results from a studious reduction of historical elements in the interests of social utility and personal sympathy. This is what makes so distinguished the work of Mr. Frankl's friend, Frank Lloyd Wright, yet it also prevents his houses from carrying an air of finality and permanence, for the idiosyncrasy of style intrudes too much. Mr. Frankl's book, like Lewis Mumford's Sticks and Stones and Edwin Avery Park's New Backgrounds for a New Age, aims far and bravely in the right direction.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Voodoo Tattle

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IT IS not surprising that this opus ranks high in the list of best sellers. There is enough sensationalism, occult gossip and orgiastic hearsay in The Magic Island to satisfy the three major appetites of any book-of-the-moment subscriber. Voodoo tattle, exotic backdrops and some attempt at scientific documentation make the volume a palatable morsel for those who are not willing, or able, to masticate the tougher and more authentic material in Fraser's Golden Bough.

That the subject-matter is interesting is perennially true. Any examination of primitive cult worship, any account of shadowy folk-lore and native custom, is more than acceptable to our color-hungry age. Ordinarily we are grateful for the vicarious excitement derived from tales of exploration and adventure, especially when these tales are the product of long residence in, and genuine sympathy with, the civilization described. But when the author is obviously a ninety-day resident, "collecting material" for a smart book; when he is guilty of patronizing the primitive characters under his hasty glass; and when, in lieu of fact, he is obliged to accept third-hand gossip from ignorant servants and natives—then he is doing a number of things that offend this particular reader's sense of decency.

Let us specifically examine these indictments of The Magic Island. In the chapter entitled The Altar of Skulls, which turns out to be a very tin-panny chapter indeed, Mr. Seabrook says that he is going to reveal some ghastly truths about the necromantic rites preceding a Haitian graveyard robbery. He prefaces his remarks by admitting: "The account I am going to give is not even the first-hand report of another eye-witness. The man who supplied me the details had never seen it. He had got it directly, however, from a woman who he believes did see it." Whatever follows can of course have no value, except as old wives' chatter. But with many a warning "sh-h-h," Mr. Seabrook inducts us into the heart

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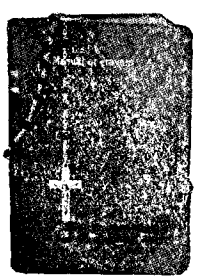

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of an esoteric ceremonial and declares that here are deep matters not easily to be dismissed by crying blasphemy. It may be contended that Mr. Seabrook is charmingly frank in advertising his lack of accurate sources. But this much is also true: anyone who purports to be doing a piece of voodoo investigation should either stay on the job long enough to see a particularly juicy bit of ritual with his own eyes, or else have the courage to omit the account of it altogether.

More hearsay and more shushing are found in the chapter entitled Toussel's Pale Bride. Several fantastic yarns are unraveled by the author with his characteristic "I-can't-vouch-for-the-truth-of-this-but-strange-things-happen-in-Haiti" gestures. It gets to be quite comic, really. And Mr. Seabrook's patronizing commerce with the Queen of La Gonave, which ends with the great author-scientist snap-shotting as he goes, is typical of his "life among the natives" method of securing copy. There is something frenetically tourist about Mr. Seabrook. He has done Arabia and Haiti; we may now reasonably expect him to do the Falkland Islands next year, and Algiers the Mysterious the year after that.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Tuneful Cibber

The Life and Times of Colley Cibber, by Dorothy Senior. New York: Rae D. Henkle Company. $5.00.

AND first the pictures, for although you may care little about the people whose names adorn this book, you cannot fail to find delight in their portraits: Kitty Clive, Ann Oldfield, Peg Woffington and Lavinia Fenton, to say nothing of Theo Cibber, by repute the best Ancient Pistol that ever was, and his wife Susannah. And Charlotte Clark at the age of four in her father's coat and wig.

Then the appendices, where you may read The Careless Husband, Colley's best play; extracts from The Tryal of Colley Cibber, and one of the priceless Birthday Odes written by Mr. Cibber, servant to His Majesty.

After these things, the life of Colley Cibber could not fail to be a success, for he is that most delightful of biographic subjects: a man whose fate was inconsistent with his talents. Lucky as few men in his profession have been, and cunning enough to make the most of his luck, it did not matter that he was mediocre as an actor, worse as a poet and unpopular as a man; honors and riches piled up on him, though Mr. Pope made him the hero of a revised Dunciad, and Mr. Fielding held him up for Tryal. He was of a piece with that Lord Foppington whom he created and so frequently played, a very disagreeable fellow who managed to get along beautifully, nevertheless.

Dorothy Senior has made a complete job of this side of his story. We regret only that she failed to visualize the possibilities in the ironical alliance between her subject and Jeremy Collier. Certainly it was no depth of moral conviction which prompted him to seize the opportunity created by the preacher's indignation at the immorality of the English stage, and to father the sentimental comedy which dominated the boards for a good half-century and more. In our laureate's hands, at least, there is not much to differentiate the renovated drama from the old; his heroes and heroines carry on freely enough until the end, when reformation must move quickly to accomplish its part lest the already falling curtain cheat it of the last word and leave virtue unrewarded. Colley Cibber as his lieutenant must have pained the Reverend Jeremy no end.

VINCENT ENGELS.

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Briefer Mention

The Joyous Pretender, by Louise Ayres Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

LUKE is in search of a home, a mother; and this little tale, charmingly, is his saga. It is too charmingly written to be at all convincing, but what does it matter? It is an incredible story at best; sentimental to a degree, yet attractively so. Containing the ingredients of sufficient tragedy to supply the usual modern novelist with several volumes of psychoanalytic moan, it moves lightly, easily on its appointed way. The indulgent reader can lay aside problems and complexes, all the unanswered, hair-splitting questions that quiver in the void, while enjoying for a breezy hour the adventures of Luke, of Christopher and the nut-brown gallant, Fergus the First at Sheepfold. The fact that one never meets such people as these makes them none the less engaging. The plot, well-rounded and definite, is of a surprising sophistication; but it bears otherwise the obvious earmarks of the delectable Victorian period when, after alarums and excursions, they married and lived happily ever after.

Four Dialogues on Painting, by Francisco De Hollanda; translated by Aubrey Bell. New York: The Oxford University Press.

NOT a few intimate books have come down to us from the renaissance, affording glimpses of the illustrious and preserving for us some of the freshness of their early work. Mr. Aubrey Bell now offers an English version of what are virtually the memoirs of Francisco De Hollanda, who traveled from Portugal to Italy during the high noon of Rome's rebuilding. The "great man" was, of course, Michelangelo; and such conversation as could be extracted from him by social stategists is here set down with what one may assume is accuracy. Hollanda himself is an entertaining personage, and his dialogues retain much of the savor of a great age.

Things Seen in Provence, by Leslie Richardson. $1.50; Things Seen in Morocco, by L. E. Bickerstaffe. $1.50. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE present books are additions to a series of handy popular treatises which can be slipped into a pocket and read while on the way to a long-dreamed-of destination. Captain Richardson has singled out the most charming aspects of Provence; and though he occasionally loses himself in superlatives, the subject merits respect and inspires affection. Mr. Bickerstaffe's book is a little more sober and scholarly but it will be sure to whet the appetite for north African scenes nevertheless. Both are profusely illustrated.

Dream Boat, by Norval Richardson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

CONRAD and McGrath have been mixed in equal quantities to produce Dream Boat. "A fatal woman" is the heroine, as in The Arrow of Gold, and the hero is just such a wealthy, adventurous and level-headed American as Truxton King in the Graustark fables. Through the naïvetés of a plot involved with cabalistic rings, coincidental meetings, Romany high jinks and the call of the clan, these two move, sans peur et sans reproche, to the inevitable marital conclusion. Mr. Richardson's long experience in the consular service stands him in good stead in describing the Marseillaisan scene.

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The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, by James Boswell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

BOSWELL'S Journal is an invaluable addition to the Life of Dr. Johnson, though much less familiar to the average reader. The book is filled with that priceless conversation which, it may be said without hesitation, has contributed more to common discourse than even the weather. More especially it records a great many personal observations. The following bit may be especially timely. The Doctor, who suffered from a bad cold and had "most strangely slept without a night-cap," was prevailed upon to drink a little brandy. His abstinence from liquor is commended by Boswell on the ground that "he could not do it in moderation." An excellent popular edition of this classic is now provided. There are a serviceable introduction, a well-printed text and numerous portraits and drawings. What more could be desired?

Crises in Venetian History, by Laura M. Ragg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

NOT very long ago the fastidious Mr. Beerbohm added his name to the long list of those who could not restrain their enthusiastic liking of Venice. Poets and sages have done their best, but every fresh traveler would improve upon them. Miss Ragg expresses a very substantial kind of homage. Her book is a closely written history of the important movements in Venetian history. She tells the story fluently and clearly and introduces almost innumerable anecdotes, most of them to the point. Doubtless the material is open to historical scrutiny here and there; on the whole, however, one feels that Miss Ragg has fully succeeded in providing a readable handbook based upon careful recourse to scholarship. The traveler to Venice will find this an absorbing, informed, well-mannered companion.

The Jesuits in Modern Times, by John LaFarge, S.J. New York: The America Press.

ALTHOUGH its title is misleading in that the reader would be led by it to expect a discussion of the Jesuits in relation to modern times, Father LaFarge's little book is a valuable contribution to those seeking to learn exactly what the taking of the Society's vows means. It is aimed most particularly at those young men who have ideas of a vocation to the priesthood—especially a vocation to the Society. But it is, incidentally, an effective and clear-cut answer to recent assailants of the Jesuits.

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